Saturday Review

July 31, 1971 50¢

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# Countdown for Kennedy

## by Irving Kolodin

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# With our help these dolls are making a profit for these guys in Watts.

These guys help manufacture ethnic dolls for the Shindana Toy Co., a subsidiary of Operation Bootstrap. Shindana is a Swahili word meaning "competitor." Chase Manhattan Capital Corporation, a small business investment corporation, invested in this growing company and continues to serve as a financial advisor.

Shindana originally received a capital donation from Mattel, Inc., which then asked Chase to join in sponsoring the company. Chase Manhattan and the Bank of Finance, a black-owned bank in Los Angeles, arranged a favorable financing package.

The company makes several thousand dolls a week. And sells to such chains as Sears, Roebuck and Co., Montgomery Ward, J. C. Penney, F. W. Woolworth, Alexander's, W. T. Grant, Korvettes, and a variety of big wholesalers.

Shindana is a black company competing in an integrated community. And they are competing, as one company spokesman said, "with dignity, pride and without losing our identity."

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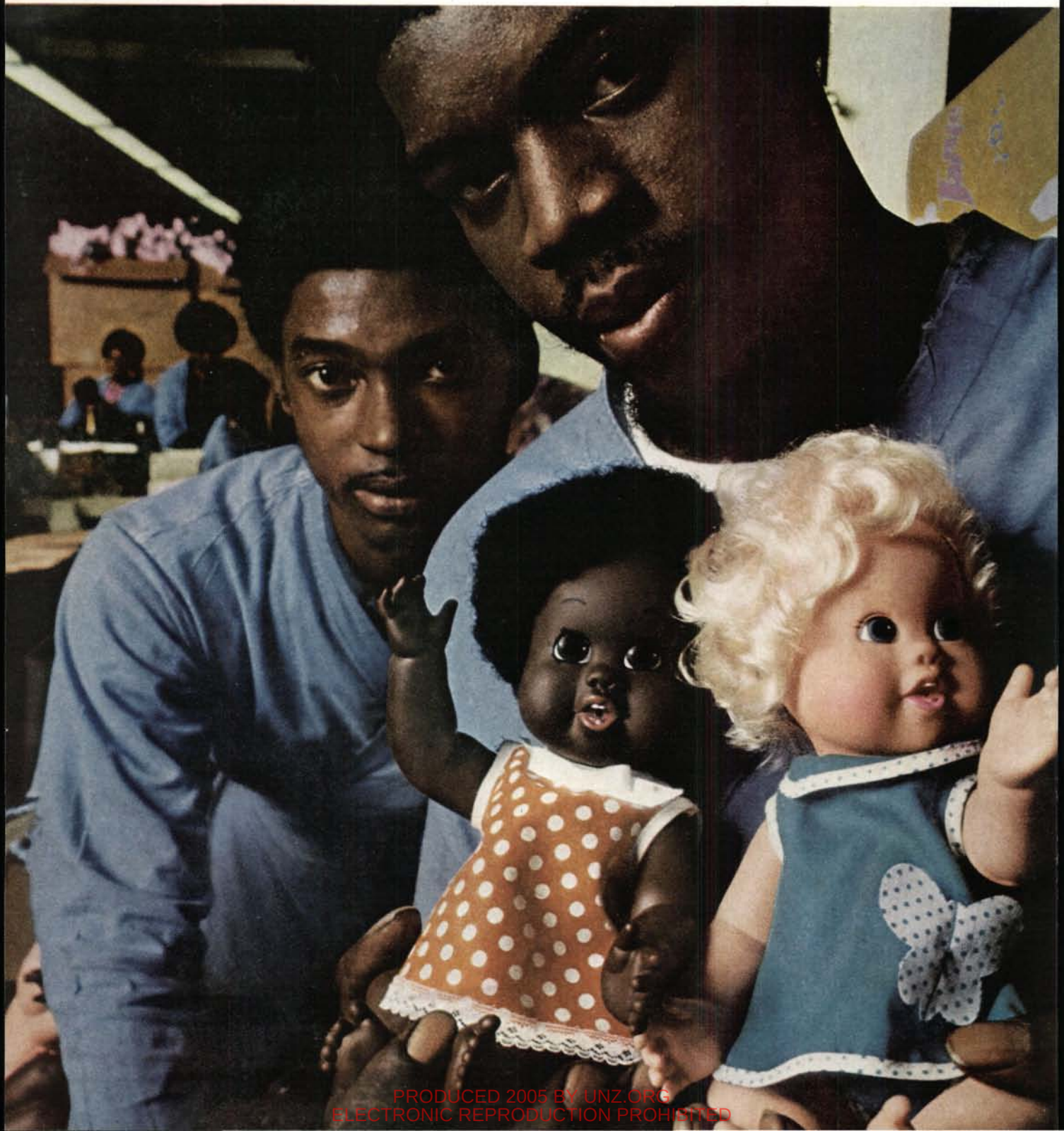

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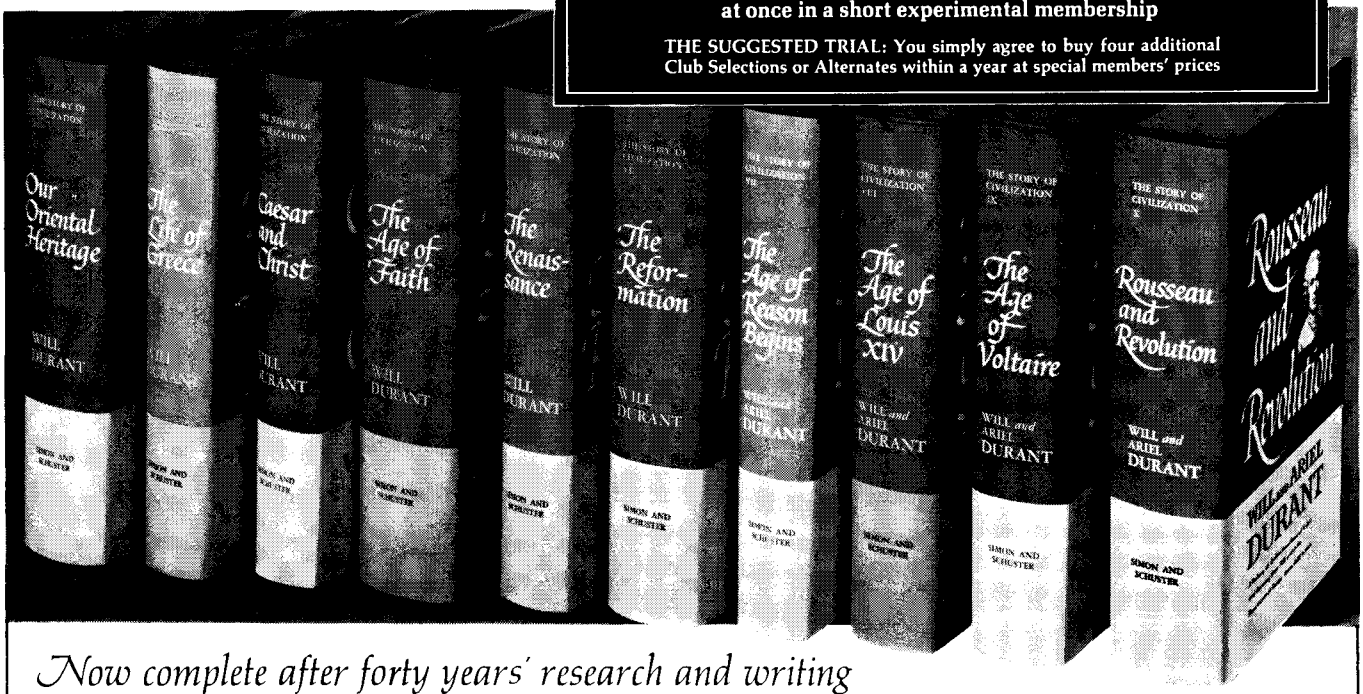


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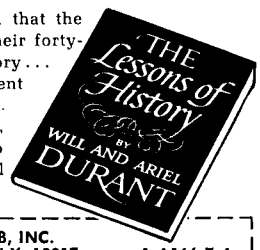


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# Saturday Review

*Cover story, page 37*

**Countdown for Kennedy**
*by Irving Kolodin*

*Cover photo: Vince Finnegan*

**IDEAS**

**14 The Best Seller Bamboozle** by J. W. Allen

**EDITORIAL**

**16 Report to the Readers**

**BOOKS**

**19 Covenant of the Different, by the Different, for the Different** by Milton R. Konvitz, an essay review of "What I Believe and Why—Maybe: Essays for the Modern World," by Horace M. Kallen

**19 Index of Books Reviewed**

**21 Book Forum:** Letters from Readers

**23 Book Business** by Alan Green

**26 Criminal Record** by Haskel Frankel

**MULTIMEDIA**

**37 Countdown for Kennedy** by Irving Kolodin

**40 The Treasure of L'Enfant Plaza** by Arthur Knight

**42 Mingus on Mingus** by Burt Korall

**43 The Funeral of Louis Armstrong** by Willis Conover

**47 The Journalists of Rock** by Ellen Sander

**50 Bergman in English** by Roland Gelatt

**52 Recording the Beethoven Sketchbooks** by Thomas Heinitz

**53 Letters to the Multimedia Editor**

**TRAVEL**

**35 David Butwin** whiles away endless days on the Arctic shore.

**COLUMNS**

**6 Goodman Ace:** Top of My Head

**12 Cleveland Amory:** Trade Winds

**18 Letters to the Editor**

**GAMES**

**24 Your Literary I.Q.**

**26 Wit Twister**

**28 Literary Crypt**

**58 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1947**

**CARTOONISTS:** Orlando Busino, Chon Day, Joseph Farris, Sidney Harris, Joseph Mirachi, Peter Paul Porges, Al Ross, Bernard Schoenbaum, B. Tobey

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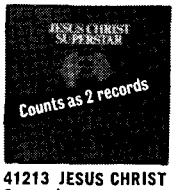


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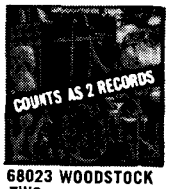


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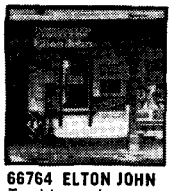

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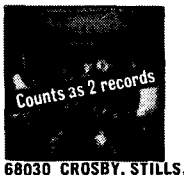


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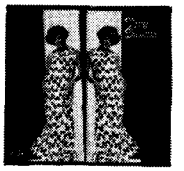

**33184 DIONNE WARWICK** Very Dionne **Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

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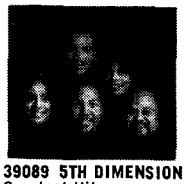

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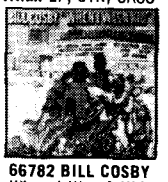

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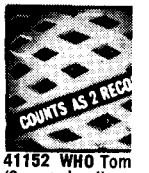


**41152 WHO** Tom (2 record set) **Decca** LP, 8TR, C

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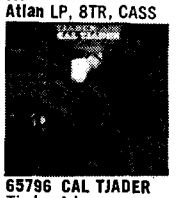

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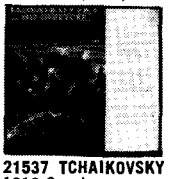

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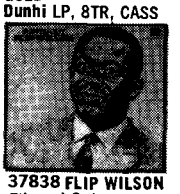

**37838 FLIP WILSON** Flipped Out **Sunse** LP, 8TR

**44757 BEST OF GORDON LIGHTFO** **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CA

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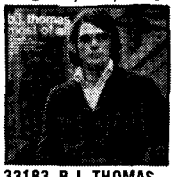

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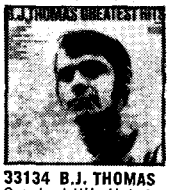

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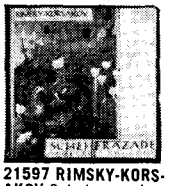


**21597 RIMSKY-KORSAKOV** Scheherazade **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

**42784 STEPHEN STILLS** **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

**21633 RED ARMY ENSEMBLE** **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

**37833 ROD McKUEN** In The Beginning **Sunse** LP, 8TR

**21551 BEETHOVEN** Piano Sonatas **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

**48800 B.B. KING** Live, Cook County Jail **ABC** LP, 8TR, CASS

**33099 PDQ BACH** Stoned Guest **Vangu** LP, 8TR,

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# Top of My Head

*Goodman Ace*

## Snail Mail

HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE to detect that neither rain, nor snow, nor hail, nor all that other gloomy stuff, plus a hike in the price of postage stamps, has sped any couriers to your mailbox? Nor I. The completion of the mailman's rounds, to which he has been appointed, finds me disappointed.

Except for bills. Letter carriers have a fanatic drive to deliver bills. Bills are not bulky, and can be lifted by any mailman with a minimum of exertion. Bills are sent inside envelopes with little windows, which are magnified for speed reading by our couriers and to let the whole world know you are a debtor.

Bills can be counted on to arrive the first of the month. To ensure their swift arrival, they are mailed on the thirtieth or the thirty-first. Bills mailed on the thirtieth are very often dropped at the door by the swift and happy couriers on the thirty-first. We like to mail checks promptly, but with the new postage rates it has been taking a lot of doing. As follows:

We are fully stocked with 6-cent stamps, but the new Postal Service management has kindly sold us several rolls of 2-cent stamps to go with the 6-cent stamps, to accommodate the 8-cent first-class mail rate. Also some rolls of 1-cent stamps. They go on the 5-cent postcard, which is now 6 cents. They can also be used to send a letter air mail, in which case you paste on a 6, two 2s, and a 1, for the 11-cent air mail rate. Or a 6, a 2, and three 1s. Or a 6 and five 1s. Depending on your addiction to, and a craving for, glue. Air-mail a letter and you're on a trip.

It's like an old routine we did years ago on radio when my wife went to the post office to mail a letter and was told it weighed too much for one stamp. She would have to buy three extra stamps. "I don't understand," she told the postal clerk, "the more stamps I put on the letter, the more it weighs, doesn't it to you?"

But even so, the rise in postage rates is way below what the cost of mailing was back when we had the pony express. Remember? The pony express transported a half-ounce letter from New York to any town west of western Missouri for $5. The reason for that high rate, we are told, was that the pony express mailmen had to brave the Indians out West. And you can't blame the brave Indians for fighting the pony express. It was in competition with their own postal system—smoke signals.

But when the telegraph came in, pony express rates dropped from $5 a half-ounce letter to $1. And now that our Post Office has become a corporation, who knows? When you figure that the cost of sending a letter first-class has quadrupled since 1919, we may well be on our way back to that $5 pony express rate, without the fear of Indians. Scalped by a corporation!

Always on the lookout to save a little time and money, I tried out a system to beat the Establishment. The telephone. Here's the story line:

I needed an excerpt of one paragraph from a book a man told me he had at his office. Rather than have his secretary type it, and mail it, I said I'd phone the next morning at 10 o'clock and he would read it and I would write it down. I called his secretary at 10 o'clock.

"Hello, this is Mr. Ace. Is Mr. Rittenhouser there?"

"How do you spell that name?"

"R-i-t-t-e-n . . . ."

"No, I know his name. Your name."

"Oh. A-c-e. He told me to phone him at ten o'clock and he would read something to me out of a book he has there."

"Oh yes, just a moment, Mr. Ace. I'll tell him."

One moment. Two moments. Three moments. Four moments. You can imagine what was going on there during all those moments. I can.

She: "Mr. Ace is calling, Mr. Rittenhouser."

He: "What does he want?"

She: "He said you told him to call at ten o'clock this morning."

He: "My God, doesn't he know that ten o'clock means eleven-thirty? I don't know where the book is. I think I lent it to Sam Bennett. Call Sam and ask him if he has it, and ask him if he has a couple of aspirins. Stall Mr. Ace. You know how."

"Hello, Mr. Ace. This is Miss Bernstein again. Mr. Rittenhouser is on long distance. He may be some time. Do you want him to call you back as soon as he finds the—I mean as soon as he's off the line?"

"Yes, have him do that. I'm leaving for Hawaii. I'll be at the Hilton. Good-by."

"Aloha."

"Shalom."

So I galloped to the nearest bookshop and bought the book. Five bucks. See? I told you we were on our way back to the pony express.

*"You probably don't remember me. . . ."*



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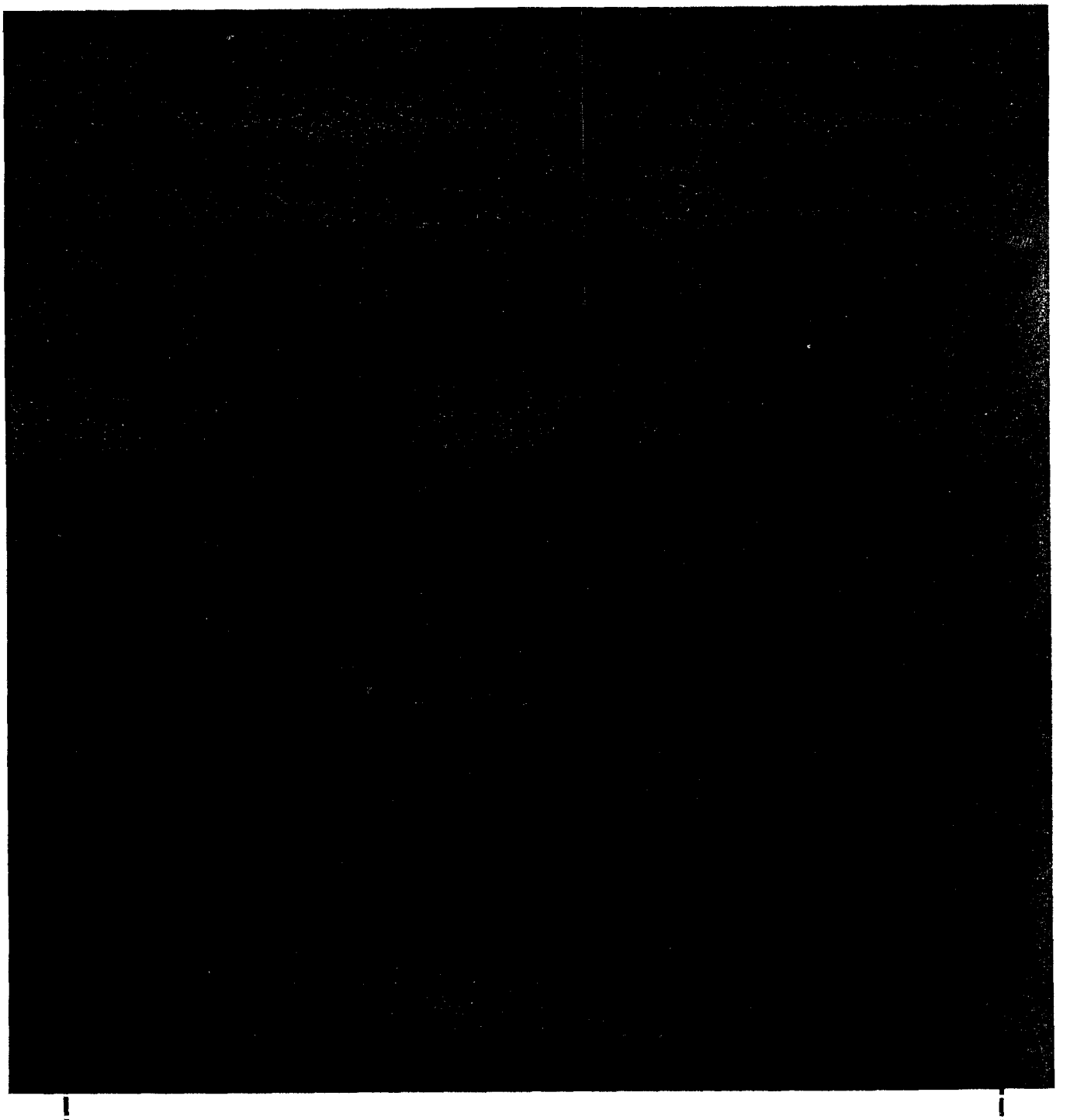

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Now motorists along this solitary 95-mile stretch of highway have someone to talk to.

Every half mile.

Interstate 80 runs through parts of Pennsylvania so sparsely settled that bear and deer may still outnumber people.

And interchanges are often ten miles apart.

Until recently, this was no place for a stranded motorist.

Now 370 roadside emergency telephones are helping to make this section one of the safest highways in the state.

Each yellow call box is connected to one of the five State Police stations in the area.

In an emergency, the motorist can pull to the side of the road, lift the receiver, and instantly get help.

A light flashes on a phone back at police headquarters indicating the driver's direction of travel. And numbers on the call box enable him to give his exact location.

The emergency telephones are located at least a dozen feet from the apron to avoid the danger of the caller being side-swiped by a passing vehicle.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company cooperate with local, state and Federal authorities to make the telephone serve you better.

In this case, to help make highways safer.

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# Trade Winds

*Cleveland Amory*

**Swan Song of the Week**—via Ed Bayless of Indianapolis, who found it in the Chicago *Daily News*:

> HOLLYWOOD (UPI)—Frank Sinatra, making his curtain call, said, "I've been a saloon singer all my life, and it's appropriate that I started quietly and I end quietly."
>
> He then crooned a series of his past hits, starting with "All or Nothing at All," and he went through several others, including "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I'll Never Smile Again," "That's All" and "I Did It My Way."

Just the same, we say, a mighty man is he. In any case, our News Item of the Week came from Bea Hoffman of Boulder, Colorado, who located it in the Boulder *Daily Camera*:

> The first reported "skinny dippin'" incident here this summer resulted in the arrest of an 18-year-old transient girl Friday, while a young man ran away and escaped. . . .
>
> The Boulder Sheriff's Department received a call at 11:45 a.m. of naked swimmers in Boulder Creek, about four and one-half miles up the canyon. Deputy Michael Garrett said when he arrived he found the girl and a young man sunning themselves on a rock along the road.
>
> The boy friend ran up the hill and got away, according to Garrett, who explained he could not catch the young man and watch the girl at the same time.

Now *that's* what we call a copout.

**It is not** every day that you run into a man who has spent thirty-five years selling books and now has begun a new career—reviewing them. His name is Allan McMahon, a bright, twinkly-eyed fellow whom we found on a trip to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where, having sold his bookstore, he now writes the whole book page for the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette*.

We dined with Mr. McMahon, Mrs. McMahon, and Bill Schneider, head of Fort Wayne's famous Glenbrook Center. We told them we assumed we were in the middle of Middle America. "This is not," Mrs. McMahon told us, "Middle America." Mr. Schneider disagreed. "Yes, it is," he said. "If there hadn't been a Fort Wayne, there wouldn't be any Middle America."

"I've always loved reading books," Mr. McMahon told us. "I early made it a rule not to spend more than twenty minutes reading any newspaper."

Does that include, we asked, the Sunday *Times*?

"No," he said, "it doesn't. My wife does that. Anyway, I now scan perhaps one hundred book reviews and columns—including yours in *SR*."

Scan? we asked sternly. "My wife," he smiled, "reads it carefully."

Born in Liberty, Indiana, the smallest county seat in the next to smallest county—"It's near," he said helpfully, "Scratch Gravel"—Mr. McMahon was the son of a farmer and graduated in agriculture from Purdue. Why, we asked, did he ever do something as ridiculous as go into the book business?

"That," said Mrs. McMahon, "is what I've always wondered."

"Well," Mr. McMahon explained, "I was walking down the main street of Fort Wayne one day and a real estate guy came out of a doorway and said, 'Hey, this bookstore's for sale. Why don't you buy it?'"

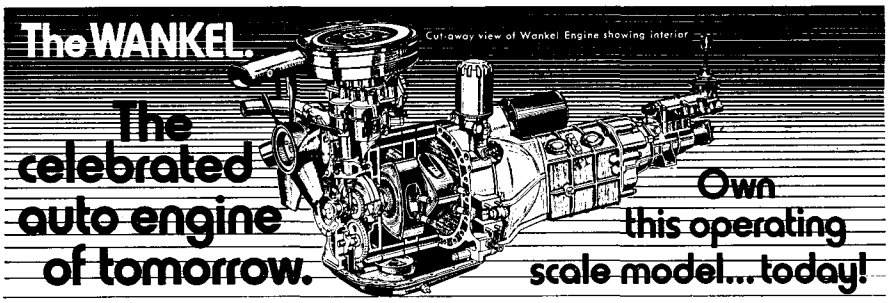
Mr. McMahon did buy it—lock, stock, and even barrels chock full of good silver. "They had sold etchings and silverware and all sorts of things." he said, "but I cut all that out. I just wanted to sell books."

Mr. McMahon did *too*—for three-and-a-half decades—becoming, among other things, president of the American Booksellers Association. What, we asked him, is the biggest change from thirty-five years ago?

"From the business point of view, of course, the paperback. But remember, the paperback revolution doesn't really affect the bookstore as much as you might think. Take our operation. They gave us a thirty per cent discount, but we lost money on every one we sold. We handled just enough paperbacks to take care, modestly, of our demand.

"From a literary point of view," Mr. McMahon went on, "the biggest change from thirty-five years ago is the trend away from fiction. When I started we did over sixty-five per cent of our sales in fiction. Now I doubt if they do twenty per cent—and since most of them are a handful of big names, there's almost no chance for new fiction."

Mr. McMahon blames television, but only inversely. "In my opinion," he said, "the biggest reason for the change away from fiction is the deteriorating quality of the fiction itself. And I think the biggest reason for this is not television itself but rather that fiction writers are writing primarily for films or television—with the visual in view, so to speak. Ironically, what the old-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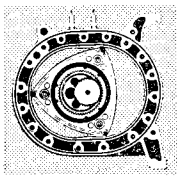

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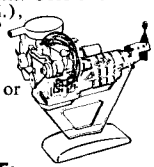

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timers wrote made not only better books but better films too.

"I'd say the high tide of fiction was from the end of World War II to about 1956—and the coming of daytime television. Lewis, Ferber, Bromfield, Kenneth Roberts, Elizabeth Page, too. That book she wrote, *Tree of Liberty*, is the finest book I ever read on the Revolution."

Would similar books, we asked, by the authors of today sell today? "Well," he said, "I'm not a purist, but vulgarity offends me greatly. And I think it offends an awful lot of people. Take James Jones's latest book. That book had touches of brilliance. But it was ruined by vulgarity. It was sickening. On the other hand, take Helen MacInnes. I think, for relaxed reading, she's as good as is being published today. And, above all, she's believable.

"The East, you know, is much more sophisticated. They read and review seventy or eighty per cent of books that would have no interest out here."

We asked for an example. "Well," he said, "I'll give you a good example. *Dr. Zhivago*—an excellent book, but we sold very few of them. Another I'd say would be *Expectations* by Gilbert Highet. Excellent, but no sales. Really, his literary expression and vocabulary are out of this world."

It was Mrs. McMahon's turn. "Can't you," she asked, "think of a better way of saying that?"

"My wife is my editor," said Mr. McMahon.

Is the Midwest, we asked, politically conservative about books? Mr. McMahon thought a moment. "Yes," he said, "I think it is. The biggest trouble I had was over Paul Blanchard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. I remember friends coming in and asking me not to sell it. Even my banker did."

What, we asked, did you tell them? Mr. McMahon paused again. "I used to tell them," he said, "that the author has the same right to write the book that I have to sell it that you have not to buy it."

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☐ Or, I will pledge $_____ per month.
☐ Please send me further information.
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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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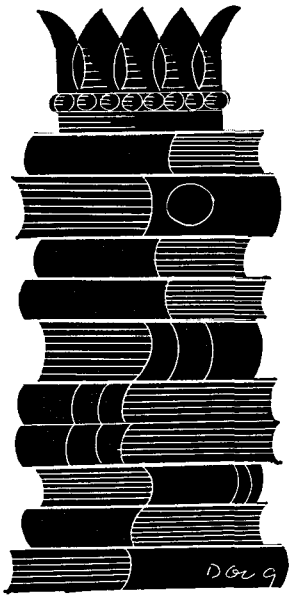
*Saturday Review*
July 31, 1971



# The Best Seller Bamboozle

**Do the "top ten" lists accurately reflect what Americans enjoy reading or merely what publishers and booksellers are anxious to unload?**

by J. W. ALLEN

Erich Segal's *Love Story* has been on the best-seller lists for more than a year now and in the top slot during most of that time. *The Sensuous Woman* by "J" and *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* by Dr. David Reuben have enjoyed similar pre-eminence for roughly as long, each jockeying for the No. 1 position in non-fiction.

Four hundred thirty thousand copies of *Love Story* were published in hardcover, and the paperback publishers have eight-and-a-half-million copies ready and waiting to be sobbed over. The hardcover version of *The Sensuous Woman* numbered 610,000, and the paperback edition, with a printing of six million, is advertised by its proud publishers as the "fastest-selling in history." The sweepstakes were heightened by the entry of *Everything*, with a hardcover record of 1.1 million, followed by thirteen printings, or six million copies, in paperback.

Together these figures add up to more than twenty-two million, which means that every tenth American has benefited from reading one of these deathless masterpieces. Conceivably, you could multiply this total by ten readers per copy and come up with the possibility that every person in the United States, including newborn babies, has read at least one of these truly all-American books.

Enough of statistics. What do they all mean? Are we a nation obsessed with sex? Are we a bunch of copycats? Do we prefer *True Romance* to the *Antioch Review*? For some answers, let us first look at how these three literary giants reached their envied positions. To begin with and to a book, the three publishers involved, with one possible exception, did not seem to know what they had. The best indications of a publisher's confidence in a book are the size of the first printing, the amount of advertising commitment, and the price asked for the paperback rights. The initial printing of *Love Story* was a scant 15,000 copies, and the paperback rights brought a measly $35,000. Ten thousand copies, or just 1 per cent of the total now in print, were originally run off of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*; however, both hardcover and paperback publishers refuse to divulge the amount paid for the paperback rights—a sure sign it was paltry. The success of *The Sensuous Woman* was more accurately predicted: a first printing of 20,000 and an advance of $100,000 in the paperback market.

As for advertising commitment, the three publishers reacted vigorously once their books had hit the best-seller lists. All three authors, even the mysterious "J," who turned out to be the publisher's former publicity Girl Friday, proved to be sought-after guests on TV talk shows.

But why did millions of Americans eagerly plunk down hard cash in bookstores or fight their way through snowdrifts to public libraries to grasp copies of these books? One easy answer is that all three hit the market at just the right time. The pair of non-fiction titles, with their explicit sexual how-to, expressed society's new permissiveness with new frankness. *Love Story*, despite the fact that Mrs. Nixon and her daughters were reported to have been shocked at the language of its heroine, represents a backlash from this new permissiveness: hard-core goo in the sure-fire tradition of Emilie Loring and Faith Baldwin. Thus, the people got just what they wanted when they wanted it.

Also, credit is due this best-selling trio's provocative titles. Inspirations all. Imagine if *Love Story*'s title had been more accurately descriptive of its content and been called *The Hockey Jock* or *The Wasp and the Wop*. Or if *Everything* had been *Sex Manual for Middle-aged Couples*. Or if *Sensuous* had been written by Mazo De La Roche, instead of by the tantalizing and beckoning "J."

But what really geared these three books into the high six-digit sales figures? None was an instant book. The answer, of course, is that somehow—probably through that mysterious phenomenon "word of mouth"—they managed to wriggle their way onto that exclusive plateau: the best-seller list. Once there, sales ran away. Of course, in the case of *Love Story*, the intense promotional push for the movie adaptation enormously helped the book's sales. Similarly, a big spread in *Life* magazine hypoed what had been only modest interest in *Everything*.

It is accepted practice to regard best-seller lists as true indicators of a book's nationwide popularity. But there are, unknown to most people, certain regulated conditions under which the lists are compiled, certain restrictions under which they are reported, and certain fallacies with which they are presented.

Although innumerable local best-

J. W. ALLEN, a veteran of thirty-four years in book publishing, is now free-lancing from his farm overlooking Maine's Penobscot Bay.



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seller lists are printed in newspapers throughout the country, the four most highly respected are those that appear weekly in *The New York Times Book Review*, *Time* magazine, *Book World* (UPI), and the trade magazine *Publishers' Weekly*. Booksellers consider this quartet the most influential in terms of sales.

Several factors are common to all four lists. Each is two to three weeks out of date. Sources of information are bookstores only and, for the most part, the same bookstores. Methods of collection are identical: Booksellers report either directly by phone or card, or through the publishers' local representatives. The latter method is the one most used, since many bookstores cannot be relied upon to volunteer reports every week against a deadline.

*The New York Times Book Review* enumerates twenty best sellers every Sunday—ten fiction and ten "general." Indicated also are the previous week's rankings and the number of weeks on the list. An explanatory note states: "This analysis is based on reports obtained from more than 125 bookstores in 64 communities of the United States. The figures in the right-hand column do not necessarily represent consecutive appearances." Upon being questioned, the *Times* refused to divulge the names of the stores reporting: "Our established policy [is] to protect the *Book Review*, and the bookstores, from a 'blitz' by either publishers or interested groups on our sources of information—the kind of blitz that might distort the meaning of our best-seller list."

The *Times* went on to say that members of the *Book Review* staff collect reports by telephone in the New York City area and by telegram from "stringers" out of town. These reports are weighed according to some mysterious formula; that is, big stores tend to count more than small, the *Times* said, and of the 125 stores reporting, more than an average of 10 per cent do not bother to reply each week.

"There is," continued the *Times*, "approximately a twelve-day delay between receipt and publication of the reports because of production schedules." This delay, caused by copy deadlines, can make the Sunday list unreliable for the 64.5 per cent of the *Times* circulation in New York City and its suburbs. For instance, Doubleday—certainly representative with its nine New York metropolitan retail stores—runs its own best-seller list in the daily *Times*. During the first week of March, Doubleday listed as best sellers ten books that did not appear at all on the Sunday *Times* list for the same week. The *Times* listed only one book published in 1971; Doubleday listed nine. *Love Story*, despite the fact that it had been available in paperback for months, still occupied the No. 2 spot in the Sunday *Times*; it wasn't listed by Doubleday.

The *Times*, however, deserves praise for its "New and Recommended" list of books, which appears every week at the top of its best-seller list and which bravely hints that many a worthwhile book may not be a best seller.

*Time* magazine is also somewhat secretive about its reporting system. When queried, a staff member replied, "We do not generally discuss the best-seller list in detail outside the company," though he added that "the best-seller list is compiled on a weekly basis from reports cabled in from our bureaus throughout the country. In all, we receive reports from Atlanta, Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and Washington."

Like the *Times*, and for unexplained reasons, *Time* will not release the names of the stores reporting from these cities. Its best-seller list, inexplicably, skips a week now and then, and, with typical Lucean aloofness, no explanation is ever given on the sources of its information.

*Book World*, the Sunday book-review supplement of *The Washington Post* and *Chicago Tribune*, started using the UPI service when it found that postcards from bookstores reporting best sellers were falling off. "We felt," *Book World* says, "that calls from UPI reporters ensured wide reporting and would tend to keep bookstore figures honest. Nobody lies to a reporter, do they?" *Book World* fears no blitz and will readily release to anyone who asks the names of the fifty-four bookstores reporting. Each week *Book World* defensively states: "Because all such information is approximate, the list should be considered merely as an indication of current popularity."

*Publishers' Weekly*, the trade magazine with a select circulation primarily to librarians, booksellers, and publishers, prints a weekly best-seller list under this heading: "Compiled from selected large city bookstores and from local best-seller lists in newspapers across the United States." Upon inquiry, *PW* replied, "Number of bookstores reporting: approximately thirty. We consider this list confidential and do not give out their names. Anyway, the list varies quite a bit from week to week, as it is often revised." Despite the fact that reports from thirty bookstores can hardly represent a national trend, *Publishers' Weekly* has two unique features: Once a month it gives the publication date of each book on its list and canvasses publishers for total printing figures to accompany its list. This latter service is invaluable, as it often reveals that the No. 1 best seller is not necessarily the book with the largest number of copies in print.

*Book Week*, the *Chicago Sun-Times* supplement, recently abandoned its best-seller list for "space reasons." However, the *Sun-Times* editor had some acid observations that may in-

(*Continued on page* 33)

*"I had a gratifying dream last night. Marcus Welby, M.D., was slapped with a nice juicy suit for malpractice."*



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*Saturday Review*

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**Publisher** - William D. Patterson

**Associate Editors**
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**Associate Publisher** - Richard L. Tobin

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# Report to the Readers

This issue of *Saturday Review* is the first to be published under the new ownership of John J. Veronis and Nicolas H. Charney, in partnership with Dan W. Lufkin and Louis Marx, Jr. Until recently, Mr. Veronis was president, and Mr. Charney was chairman and editor-in-chief, of C/R/M (Communications/Research /Machines), publishers of the highly successful *Psychology Today* and associated publications and products. Mr. Lufkin is a partner in Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, Inc. Mr. Marx is an investor and an executive in several major corporations.

The story of *SR*'s purchase is not uncomplicated. It involves two giant corporations: Norton Simon, Inc., and Boise Cascade, Inc. Perhaps the best way to begin the story is to go back some fifteen years. In 1956, the ownership of *SR* passed into the hands of the editors through the generosity of E. L. DeGolyer, book collector and petroleum geologist, who had held controlling interest in the *Saturday Review* since 1942.

During the 1950s, the magazine had grown so rapidly that by 1959 we were having difficulty finding facilities for producing *SR* and processing the subscriptions. Magazine paper was in short supply at the time. Herbert Mayes, a long-time friend of ours and editor of *McCall's* magazine, suggested that we become part of the McCall Corporation, which owned comprehensive magazine publishing facilities—all the way from printing presses to automated subscription fulfillment services. Mr. Mayes described Norton Simon, principal owner of the McCall Corporation, as a man who would have no difficulty in understanding what the *Saturday Review* was all about. Herbert Mayes was right. Norton Simon proposed a relationship between the McCall Corporation and *SR* that turned out to be ideal in every way. *SR* had access to all the company's facilities, but it retained complete editorial independence.

In all the years of our association with Mr. Simon, *SR* was under no pressure to show profits. Despite that fact —or perhaps because of it—the magazine contributed rather handsomely to the corporation's earnings. Meanwhile, *SR* surged ahead in readership.

In 1969, the McCall Corporation was consolidated, with other companies in which Mr. Simon had a controlling interest, into a single corporate unit, Norton Simon, Inc. A year later, Mr. Simon decided to withdraw from active business life and to devote himself to his public interests, prominent among which was education. He was a member of the Board of Regents of the state of California and a member of the Carnegie Commission on Education. He resigned from the NSI board of directors and also disposed of the bulk of his stockholdings.

For these and other reasons, we decided that the best interests of *SR* would be served if the staff could reacquire the magazine. This was in no way a reflection on David Mahoney, the new president of NSI, who went out of his way to assure us that *SR* would not be lost in the workings of a billion-dollar corporation. We were grateful for Mr. Mahoney's assurances, but it seemed to us nonetheless that the basic thrust of NSI was not in communications but in the mass consumer field—canned foods, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages.

We sought advice from Mr. Simon and were encouraged by his response to seek a meeting with Mr. Mahoney at which we expressed our conviction that *SR* should become independent again. We said we felt fairly confident we could obtain adequate backing. Mr. Mahoney suggested we think about the matter for three months. If, at the end of that time, we still wanted to take *SR* out of NSI, he promised to make the acquisition possible, asking for two months to help us work it out.

At the expiration of the designated ninety days, we met with Mr. Mahoney again and said we had decided to proceed in accordance with his offer. Mr. Mahoney said he would stand by his commitment but felt that there were other considerations that might affect the timing of a sale. NSI was in the process of studying all the questions involved in the orderly disposition not just of *SR* but of all the publishing and printing properties. His points were well made, and we agreed to defer the repurchase. Finally, three months ago, we were informed by two vice presidents of NSI that they were now in a position to discuss a possible sale of *SR*. It was emphasized that, in view of the fact that I was a member of the board of directors of NSI, the negotiations would have to be on a competitive and arm's-length basis. I said I had anticipated this situation in offering to resign as a director several months earlier but that Mr. Mahoney had told me this action was unnecessary.

We were then informed of the terms of sale. Unlike the negotiations ten years earlier, when we sat down with Mr. Simon to work out a fair price, the price this time had been unilaterally fixed. It seemed high to us, but it was not exorbitant. But what stunned us was the condition of sale. We were told we could not reacquire *SR* unless we also agreed to purchase the Trade Books Division of the McCall Publishing Company, which had been operating at a heavy deficit. It didn't seem to us fair or reasonable to be expected to accept, as a condition of sale, a burden that would imperil the security of the *Saturday Review*. We were told that the condition was not negotiable and that, in any case, preliminary discussions had already been held with Boise Cascade, the conglomerate organization that owned C/R/M, which was willing to negotiate on the basis of the combined acquisition. C/R/M



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also ran a book company of its own.

In the next few weeks, we attempted without success to find an established book publishing house that might be willing to take the Trade Books Division off our hands. We then asked NSI to be relieved of the condition that we assume responsibility for the Trade Books Division. The request was refused. Under the circumstances, we informed NSI we would be unable to meet its terms for the combined properties. Three days later, we were notified that an agreement had been reached with Boise Cascade. We were also informed that the new owners were prepared to offer us a contract to continue as editor.

We were gratified, of course, by this expression of confidence, but it did little to ease our despair—a despair that was the result not just of a sense of defeat over our failure to reacquire *SR* but of an apprehension that *SR* as we had known it would be no more. What was happening now was different from what had happened in 1960, when the magazine changed hands. At that time, there had been a legal transaction called a "sale"; actually, the only thing that had changed was that we had moved to firmer ground. We had the backing of a major magazine publishing corporation owned by a man who understood the creative process, who believed in the free circulation of ideas, and who regarded *SR* as a vital factor in both. But now, for the first time, we would have to face up to everything associated with a sale. Moreover, the buyer was a large conglomerate; we knew little or nothing about its president or other corporate officers. What we did know was that the company was primarily in the lumber business, that it had ventured into vacation homes and real estate development, and that it was currently the target of attacks by conservationist groups. And we knew that Boise Cascade had recently acquired C/R/M, headed by Mr. Veronis and Mr. Charney, who had a favorable reputation as publishers of quality journals.

This latter fact was reassuring but not strong enough to offset our other concerns. One of our reasons for attempting to reacquire *SR* was the uncertainty that came from being part of a large complex that measured excellence primarily in bottom-line numbers. Changing to Boise Cascade did not meet this concern.

Compounding our frustrations and apprehensions was disappointment in what appeared to us to be a certain insensitivity in the way NSI's representatives had gone about the negotiations. A magazine is not a manufacturing company with a lot of machinery and finished goods in a warehouse. A magazine is a few people and a body of ideas. That is all. The notion that human beings can be sold without their consent was something difficult to accept; it was a notion, moreover, that may someday be tested in the courts.

It was in such a mood that we went to see David Mahoney and boiled over, turning in our resignation. Mr. Mahoney tried to make us see that he had tried to act responsibly and that he had a prior obligation to his stockholders. In any event, he asked us to withhold the resignation until we had had an opportunity to speak to Mr. Veronis and Mr. Charney. He was confident that I would be pleased with their desire to support and strengthen the magazine in every way.

Up to this point, the lawyers had counseled against direct discussions with Mr. Veronis and Mr. Charney. But now that an agreement had been completed, the quarantine could be lifted. A meeting was arranged. We had a frank exchange. Within a few minutes, my spirits began to lift. Both men had a professional knowledge of *SR*; they had a deep respect not just for the philosophy of the *Review* but for its staff and readers. And they were men of ideas. In no time at all, we found ourselves matching visions about the magazine's future.

I was startled and pleased to learn something of which there had been not a hint since I first discovered that Boise Cascade was negotiating for *SR*. I learned that, several weeks earlier, the management of Boise Cascade had decided to discontinue the negotiations. Fiscal reports have shown Boise Cascade with a sharp dip in earnings for the first quarter of this year; there had been some stockholder rumblings about overextension. It was felt by management that this would not be a good time for further acquisitions. Mr. Veronis and Mr. Charney argued with Boise Cascade that they regarded the acquisition of *SR* as too important to be set aside. They were told that "other *Saturday Reviews*" would come along. Boise Cascade was adamant.

In the end, Mr. Veronis and Mr. Charney decided to part company with Boise Cascade in order to proceed with the purchase of *SR*. I began to feel a certain kinship with John Veronis and Nick Charney in terms of our problems with our large corporate parents. Besides, I had to admire anyone who thought enough of the *Saturday Review* to give up as much as these men did in order to acquire it.

The loss of Boise Cascade did not deflect John Veronis and Nick Charney. They continued the negotiations in their own names. They found two men in the investment community, Mr. Lufkin and Mr. Marx, who shared their own high regard for *SR* and its potentialities and who offered to participate in the backing.

What for many weeks had for me been something of a nightmare turned out in the end to be a powerfully regenerative experience for *SR* and its staff. Last week, the entire staff assembled to learn about the sale. Few memories of my years with *SR* will be warmer or more moving than the response of the staff when I told them that we would all remain together, that Pat Patterson would continue as publisher, that a contract had been signed under which we would continue to publish the magazine with the same editorial freedom we have always enjoyed—and that this was something agreed to with enthusiasm by two young men who knew what *SR* was all about and who, indeed, were betting their professional lives on our future.

—N.C.

## *The New Owners*

JOHN J. VERONIS, now in his mid-forties, has been publisher of *American Home* and *Ladies Home Journal*, and a senior vice president of the Curtis Publishing Company. In 1966, he became president of Communications/Research/Machines, Inc., a company that brings modern communications techniques to bear on the problems of education. Under his guidance, C/R/M published the magazines *Psychology Today* and *Intellectual Digest*.

NICOLAS H. CHARNEY is an MIT-educated research psychologist who sees no need for barriers between the academic and publishing worlds. He has a Ph.D. in biopsychology from the University of Chicago, and until recently he was editor-in-chief of *Psychology Today* and *Intellectual Digest*. His co-ownership of *SR* is in direct line with his ideal of keeping academe and the educated reading public in lively touch with each other.

DAN W. LUFKIN was graduated from Yale College and the Harvard Business School and is a director of many business enterprises and a trustee of various public-interest groups—e.g., the Environmental Defense Fund.

LOUIS MARX, JR., is a Deerfield/Princeton graduate who specializes in venture-capital projects. He is a ranking over-thirty-five tennis player and a trustee of various charitable and cultural organizations.



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# Letters to the Editor

### Arms and the Man

CARL BAKAL'S "The Failure of Federal Gun Control" [*SR*, July 3] is a good job of assembling data, but it does more to perpetuate emotional opinion than to promote calm understanding.

For many years, our own federal government has been the world's greatest producer and exporter of killing equipment, and we have been told to feel proud and patriotic about it. At the same time, various sources of statistics and opinions have told us that crime is getting out of hand and that police are overwhelmed, scared, and hardly able to protect themselves. So, gun sales have soared—some to persons tempted by the suggestion that gun crime is a profitable, low-risk occupation, but more to nervous citizens who decide that they must protect their own persons and property. And we have a domestic arms race that promises to continue as long as the conditions that cause it, regardless of gun control legislation or the lack of it.

I have applied a little fifth-grade arithmetic to the FBI's "appalling" 1969 crime figures and found that I, the average American, will be slain by felonious gunfire about once in 27,000 years—or longer if I stay out of the wilds of Alaska and the Deep South. While I wait, I think I'll do part of my worrying about something else and invest the price of a pot-metal pistol at compound interest.

LEWIS CARVER,
Salina, Kan.

CARL BAKAL'S recent article confirms my worst fears about the effective demise of the 1968 Gun Control Act. Unfortunately, this information may have come too late to be of much use.

What is needed is a pressure group to argue against the well-organized gun lobby in Congress. Mr. Bakal mentions the National Council for a Responsible Firearms Policy. Where might they may be contacted?

C. RUSSELL HILL,
Assistant Professor of Economics,
University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

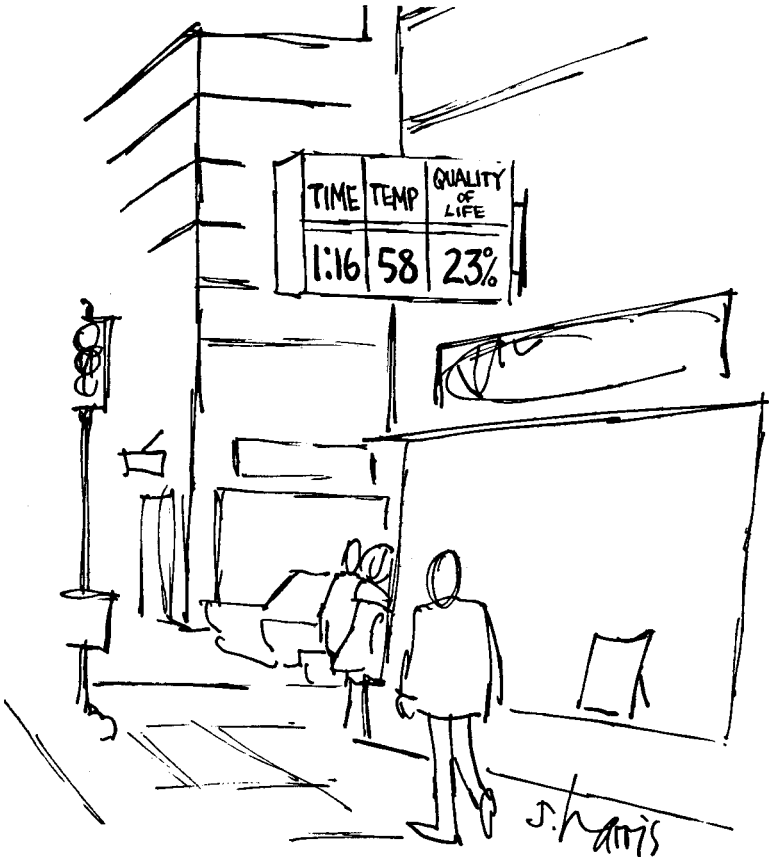
EDITOR'S NOTE: *1028 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20036*

THE RECENT ARTICLE by Carl Bakal is a shocking commentary on our supposedly enlightened society. I suggest that such a society, which allows the gun peddlers almost complete freedom of operation, must share in the alleged guilt of Angela Davis.

J. W. DAVIS,
Rear Admiral, U.S.N. (Retired),
Smyrna, N.C.

IN REGARD TO Carl Bakal's recent article, statistics are always suspect. I no more trust Mr. Bakal's interpretation of them than I do that of the National Rifle Association. Statistics can always be construed to suit anyone's point of view. And I do agree that the Gun Control Act of 1968 is ineffective, however on different grounds. It hampers and obstructs only the legitimate sportsman and collector; others have found ways of evading it. And it has cost the government millions of dollars in unnecessary paper work. It would be terribly refreshing, and successful, if our legislatures would pass some laws that might eliminate the *social* problems that cause our terrific crime rate. The presence of firearms in Switzerland makes the United States look like a kindergarten; yet, their problems in this area are negligible. That's because they don't pack their minorities into steaming ghettos, or keep them out of work because of the color of their skin or the language they speak. A gun is an inert piece of metal until someone pulls the trigger.

ALAN M. FASOLDT,
Taylor, Mich.




### On FCC re CATV

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S article "Ruling the Rule-Makers" [TV-RADIO, June 19] answered a lot of questions I couldn't get answered elsewhere. It is frustrating to be denied CATV because of this classic case of bureaucratic mish-mash, especially when your neighbor down the street has it but you can't have it because the cable companies cannot extend their service beyond their present boundaries until the politicians stop kicking this around and make a decision.

CATV is great. Everyone should have it. The situation is particularly ridiculous when half the city has it and half doesn't. It's the difference between having three network channels or twelve channels. The service is here, it's available, and people are more than willing to pay the modest monthly fee for it. There is a tide of public resentment welling against those who would deny us this service. However, what can the average citizen do? He is stymied until the FCC and Congress choose to make a final decision. This could be years from now. I was hopeful that this would be solved soon after the hearings.

KENNETH L. RICH,
San Diego, Calif.

### Steamboat Peerage

I WAS MOST INTERESTED in David Butwin's three-part series "Steamin' up the River" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, May 29, June 5 & 12] about his trip aboard the *Delta Queen*. I knew the *Delta Queen* and *Delta King* when they were on the Sacramento River run. The *Delta King* is berthed at Sacramento, where a group of concerned citizens is trying to restore it as a museum.

I never traveled on the Sacramento River, but I often traveled up and down the San Joaquin River. On one trip, my mother knew the captain and he took us into the wheelhouse, when that was still permissible, and I don't believe I ever enjoyed a trip as much as I did that one, unless it was the time I went down the river when it was at flood stage. We traveled so close to the cottonwood trees that we could almost reach out and touch the leaves.

AURIL WOOD,
Magalia, Calif.



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# Covenant of the Different, by the Different, for the Different

by MILTON R. KONVITZ

**WHAT I BELIEVE AND WHY—MAYBE:**
**Essays for the Modern World**

**by Horace M. Kallen**
**edited by Alfred J. Marrow**

Horizon, 207 pp., $6.50

When a philosopher is approaching the age of ninety, surely he has a right to say to himself what Marcus Aurelius said to himself as he neared his sixtieth birthday, which he probably had a premonition he would never celebrate:

> Do not go too far in your books and overgrasp yourself. Alas, you have no time left even to read your own diary, let alone to read over the books of the ancient Romans and Greeks and the books you selected and were reserving for your old age. Come, don't flatter and deceive yourself. Look to the main chance, to the end and design of reading, and mind life more than notion. I say, if you care at all for yourself, come to your own aid, for that surely is in your own power.

From his recent books and this collection of essays, I strongly suspect Horace M. Kallen has given himself this advice. These writings are sparse on footnotes and citations. Instead, they chart the author's mind and document his ideas. Later scholars will cite them for the ideas that *they* will document. Written with Professor Kallen's own power, these works provide ample evidence of what he can do as he minds life more than notion.

What Professor Kallen minds most is made clear in the essays selected by Dr. Alfred J. Marrow. At first blush the *Maybe* in the title of the book suggests a state of uncertainty as to the *what* or the *why* of the author's beliefs. But the reader soon learns that Dr. Kallen has certain beliefs on which, to use his phrase, he would be willing to bet his life; and he has precise reasons for these beliefs. Yet the *Maybe* is not entirely gratuitous. Professor Kallen realizes that other men have other beliefs. Who knows but that they may be right? If a man believes in an open universe, an open society, he must also have an open mind and an open heart —open for new thoughts, new insights, new bets. As Emerson noted in his Journal, the gates of thought, even when they seem to be closed, are always open. Because no bet, Professor Kallen observes, can be a bet on a sure thing; an element of maybeness must ever lurk near the heart of his strongest commitment; the "ever not quite" must trail after his every thought and belief. In this collection of sixteen essays, however, the author does not explore the uncertainties or reservations he may feel. Here one will find only the affirmations and commitments. And consistently Professor Kallen's strongest commitment has been to man's freedom. Even more than William James—though neither more nor less than Thomas Jefferson—Kallen has stood for the primacy of the individual, and for the equal dignity and the equal rights of all men.

Almost fifty years ago Dr. Kallen projected the idea of cultural pluralism, an idea and a phrase that have won their way into our American vocabulary. In some of the essays in this book he gives this conception a fresh interpretation and timely applications. For example, though recognizing fully the commendable intent of the first Justice Harlan when he said in a dissenting opinion in 1896 that the Constitution is "color-blind," Kallen makes

MILTON R. KONVITZ, professor of industrial and labor relations, and of law, at Cornell University, is the author of *Expanding Liberties* and other books.

## SR: BOOKS

*Book Review Editor:* ROCHELLE GIRSON


19 **"What I Believe and Why—Maybe: Essays for the Modern World,"** by Horace M. Kallen, edited by Alfred J. Marrow

21 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

22 **"Martin Buber: An Intimate Portrait,"** by Aubrey Hodes

23 **Book Business,** by Alan Green

24 **"Cancerqueen and Other Stories,"** by Tommaso Landolfi

25 **"Mrs. Palfrey at the Claremont,"** by Elizabeth Taylor

26 **Criminal Record,** by Haskel Frankel

27 **"Chamisa Road with . . . Paul & Meredith: Doin' the dog in Taos,"** by Paul Steiner and Meredith Maran

28 **"No Victory Parades: The Return of the Vietnam Veteran,"** by Murray Polner

29 **"The American Quest, 1790-1860: An Emerging Nation in Search of Identity, Unity, and Modernity,"** by Clinton Rossiter

32 **"The Situation of the Novel,"** by Bernard Bergonzi




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the point that full emancipation can be achieved only when, and as, we become aware of the other man's color or race or creed and yet accept, respect, and appreciate him *with* all his differences, and not in spite of them. The American Idea and the United States Constitution, he says, "postulate precisely that ungrudging acceptance of 'color' in all its relations which [color] blindness would shut off; they postulate equality in rights and freedoms for the differents *as* differents." The Negro or the white man will enjoy equal liberty, in fact as well as in law, only when he may, *as* Negro or *as* white man—*as* Jew or Catholic or Mormon—"exercise and perfect his own powers at his own risk, without privilege and without penalty." For men are equal not in spite of their differences but as men different in faith or race or sex or occupation.

Does not stress on differences and individuality, and on the right to them, imply an atomic or anarchic view of society? Can rights alone serve as the force that will bind men together, with all their differences? Like the ancient pre-Socratic philosophers, Kallen finds a meeting ground for opposite poles, for he places equal stress on the force that he calls orchestration—another concept that this scholar has given our vocabulary. He sees democratic society as an orchestration of liberty—an organization of the different: a covenant of coexistence "of the different, by the different, for the different." We are, or should be, a union of the diverse. The organization known as the democratic way is "a *union* that emerges from and consists in this teamplay. It takes form as a free association, and it rules not as a sovereign imposing its authority from without and above, but as a servant receiving its authority from within and beneath." Therefore, if individualism, difference, or nonconformism is the centrifugal force, orchestration is the centripetal force. But for Kallen individualism remains primary in value; society and its agencies are derivative from the power and free assent of its members.

These essays are fragments of Professor Kallen's lifetime work, a *novum organum* which will never be completed; his book, like all his concepts, must remain open-ended. In this collection Kallen attempts to refocus his powers, his instincts, his memories, and his inspiration into a new harmony of insight. If the ideas are no longer novel, it is because he has been such a superbly effective teacher. But, familiar as they may be, their tone remains pristine and clear. Horace Kallen is always coming upon the newness of the old world, because the world for him is still emerging—"ever not quite"; and to that world in process his perceptions and work offer tools and direction. This book proves that the stream of Kallen's thought, with its freshets and agitation, still has power to excite and incite.

Dr. Morrow in his introduction shows that he has read Kallen with a sense of discovery, and he succeeds in conveying to the reader a feeling for the vitality and the luminous quality of the essays he has aptly selected.

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### Fresh Start in a Vacuum

NOTHING IN THE HISTORY of any society's progress is more utopian a fantasy than the oft-recurring belief that progress follows razing what has already been built and starting afresh in a vacuum. It is a fantasy about society which repeats this about individuals: that human persons can destroy their past and not destroy themselves; that they can grow new selves on no ground, from no roots, and no nourishment which only the past can provide. They cannot.

### Equalizing Knowledge

IN SO FAR AS POWER is knowledge, the will to power must be first of all a will to knowledge. Knowledge can be gained by earning it by oneself or by learning from those who already have it. The former is the hardest, the slowest of hard and slow ways, practically impossible on our harried earth. The latter is the mode of education everywhere on the globe. In practice, it is the act of equalizing knowledge by sharing it; teaching is the sharing of knowledge, and the sharer must have the wherewithal to share. I know of no other way of equalizing knowledge. When a Stokely Carmichael, advocating Black Power, threatens: "When you talk of Black Power you talk of building a movement that will smash everything Western civilization has created," he threatens the destruction of all that distinguishes human power from the power of animal man. Unless Black Power has already shared and made its own "everything Western civilization has created" it can only avert from human power to the mere manpower of ignorance and poverty it purports to fight against. If, on the other hand, Black Power has already shared by learning the human power of Western civilization, it can only perpetuate and advance it. If Black Power intends more and better power for Negro Americans or Negro Africans, it must diversify, and add to, what it already has. It must will to know as much and as well as those already possessing the knowledge which is power and must strive to learn more and master it more successfully. Striving to share equally, its word to Western civilization could well be: "Anything you can do, I can do better." I doubt, if in the nature of things, there is another way.

### Ethic of Freedom

WHAT "SHOULD" BE THE RELATION of morals to "law"?

My preference is for the ethic of freedom whose principles are stated in the Declaration of Independence and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Where the morality prevailing is unfriendly to this ethic, I believe that law should be so formulated and implemented as to convert it to friendliness. Where the morality prevailing is consistent with this ethic, I believe that law should be so framed as to extend and confirm it. The task is universal and endemic. To many it seems hopeless. They see a totalitarian society with an authoritarian ethic and a corpus juris of decrees pressing for mastery of all the peoples of the globe. They see in relatively free societies new strengthenings of traditional authoritarianism. They see the United Nations paralyzed and the laws of nations unenforceable except by preponderant force. They see violence and warfare regionally a fact and globally imminent. They feel anxious and at a loss. They speak of our age as an "age of anxiety." But their fears have made them blind to the positive gains of the ethic of freedom, and the positive rallying to it everywhere in the world. In the hearts of men the totalitarian ethic finds no response. It is always imposed from without, not assented to from within. Those who live under it live as subjects under fear, not as citizens in freedom. Its strength is the strength of force and fraud, not of covenant. Expose the deception, confront the force with equal and greater force, and the totalitarian whole disintegrates and the authoritarian ethic collapses. —*From the book*

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# Book Forum

## *Letters from Readers*

### Not a Fleck, but Shreds?

NOWHERE IN MY PROFESSIONAL battery of seven Spanish-English / English-Spanish and two all-Spanish dictionaries do I find the slightest justification for Doris Dana's translation of Gabriela Mistral's *fleco* as "fleck" [*SR*, July 17]. *Fleco* means "fringe" or "bangs" (of hair) and would probably be best rendered in the context of the poem as "shreds"—something far more in keeping with the intended image. There is also a good possibility that *ligero*, translated as "light," should have been Englished as "swift," its more common meaning in the Spanish of America as opposed to that of Spain, where it usually *does* mean "light." Errors of this sort—or let's say one error and the possibility of another—in so short a passage lead one to wonder whether the entire book might not be liberally flecked with similar blotches of mistranslation.

A. F. GRONBERG,
San Diego, Calif.

### A Stoning in Context

IN HER LAUDATORY REVIEW of a presumably wise, open-minded book by Dom Aelred Graham [*SR*, July 3], Nancy Wilson Ross shocks into attention many who, like me, may never read the book. I refer to the "horrifying" stoning of a man (Numbers 15: 32-36) for picking up sticks on the Sabbath. The immediate context (verse 28) makes it clear that one who "sins unwittingly . . . shall be forgiven." And the next verses leading up to the stoning speak of "the person who does anything with a high hand" as one who "reviles the Lord" and deserves to be "cut off from among the people." Explicit blasphemy, felt as such—and as treason—by both the sinner and the community, would seem to deserve strong punitive measures. The Hebrews had no brief for violence for its own sake.

To put into perspective such shock as readers like me might get from the review, it seems to be in place to ask whether Hinduism might not have a severe way of coping with deliberate killing of a sacred cow, especially if the deliberate killing were an explicit flouting of Hinduism's sense of the sacred.

PHILIP C. FISCHER, S.J.
Omaha, Neb.

### Sexistentialism

IN "THE NEW SEXISTENTIALISM" [*SR*, July 10] Benjamin DeMott wrote the most abominable, revolting, and disgusting things. They should never have appeared in your magazine.

MRS. J. C. RAH,
Indianapolis, Ind.

I FEAR THAT Benjamin DeMott has been the victim of a giant put-on. Surely, the names "Brian Richard Boylan," "Sara Harris," and particularly "Paul Rubenstein" and "Herbert Margolis," compilers of *The Groupsex Tapes*, and all the rest of those "scientists," are pen names for Doctor Doolittle, who has been down at the zoo talking to the animals!

KATHRYN M. MILLER,
Los Altos, Calif.

BENJAMIN DEMOTT MAY HAVE TOUCHED briefly on the key to our entire difficulty in reconciling "The New Sexistentialism" with our individual lives. He quoted from *Infidelity*, by Brian Boylan, yet let slip by too quickly that clue. Of course it is the raspberry jam, described by a "satisfied woman."

But was it home-made jam? From red or black raspberries? Had the pits been retained or had they been strained out? Was it used later for toast or merely used as a garnish to other delights? Was it spooned on or spread by a knife?

It seems to me the sexual revolution is in danger of getting into quite a jam without the answers to at least some of these problems, for at least one would-be revolutionary.

ELLISON R. JACK,
Orinda, Calif.

### Love and Marriage

MARRIAGE—AS DISTINCT from romantic love—is based on trust not conflict. When Alfred Kazin [*SR*, July 3] fails to differentiate between the two in his discussion of the "love-is-dead novel" and the "marriage-is-dead novel" he implies that they have the same properties and needs. Love affairs may fail because of "a lack of differentiation between people, a lack of respect for their different functions." Today's marriages fail because individuals in them—both male and female—are forced into divided allegiances by the sex and other current wars. They are unable to trust either the other partner or themselves in a relationship that requires loyalty above all things.

The radical differences and opposing interests of men and women Kazin insists upon only hold true for certain portions of the feminine life cycle. What is needed in literature now is an artist of the stature of George Eliot to present the case for the whole, as opposed to the biological, view of life. A reverse *Middlemarch* would be worth a thousand novels of "Social Gatherings."

C. S. BATES,
Lexington, Mass.

### Bequests

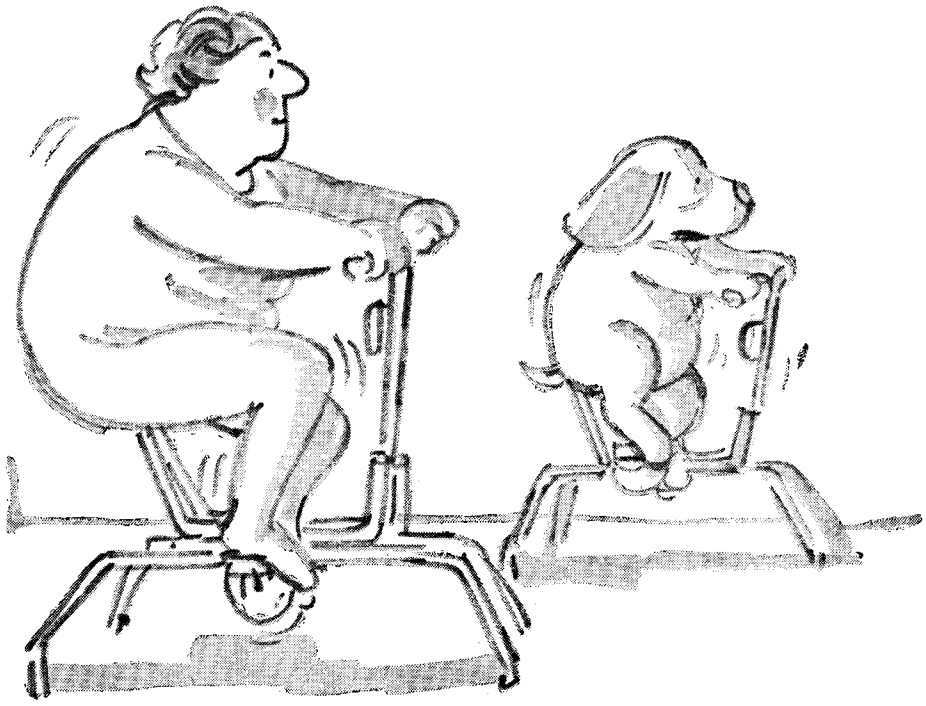
IN BOOK FORUM [*SR*, July 10] I. Russell Weinstein states that inherited wealth is a main cause of the class structure in our society. There are, however, other inheritances which are more important than material wealth. People inherit intelligence and culture, and part of their status depends on the area in which they live.

My parents were poor immigrants who had brains enough to leave Europe and come to the U.S. I was born in a city that had a free night college, so that it was easy for me to get a degree.

I will probably leave my son no significant estate, but I will leave him four bookcases full of books, as well as the (inherited?) advantage of being brought up in a home where there were books.

I am also doing my best to leave him as big a financial estate as I can.

DANIEL FINKEL,
Brooklyn, N.Y.





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**MARTIN BUBER:**
**An Intimate Portrait**

**by Aubrey Hodes**

Viking, 256 pp., $7.95

*Reviewed by Meyer Levin*

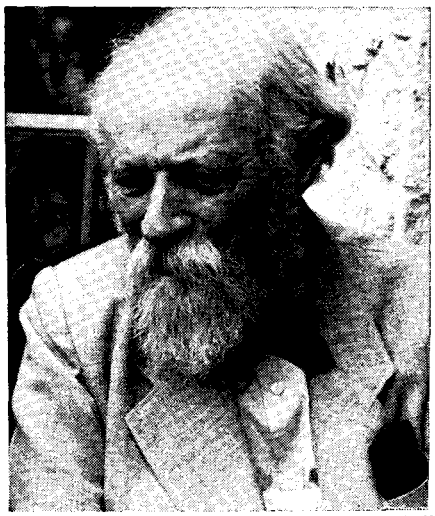
■ In a recent story by Herbert Gold in *Esquire* a chorus girl tartly asks an elderly millionaire whether he is proposing marriage just to "see if it encourages an I-thou relationship between us." Such is the diffusion attained by the life-philosophy of Martin Buber. One can hardly turn on a radio or TV analysis of a strike, a peace maneuver, or a racial conflagration without hearing the wish for "dialogue" in a Buberian sense expressed by people who may never have even leafed through the Hasidic scholar's works though they are now on every paperback stand. Buber is regarded as abstruse, partly perhaps because an image of the man himself has been lacking—this in contrast to such universally recognized peers as Gandhi, Bertrand Russell, and Albert Schweitzer.

Aubrey Hodes has now provided that image. His warm and unpretentious portrayal of twelve years' close contact with his subject is interwoven with vivid biographical material and lucid explanations of Martin Buber's ideas. "I question whether any book has been published in the present century the message of which, if it were understood, would have such far-reaching consequences for the life of our time," wrote the English thinker J. H. Oldham on the effect of Buber's *I and Thou*.

"The key words here perhaps are 'if it were understood,'" says Aubrey Hodes, quoting Oldham. "Too many people who could open themselves to Buber's uncompromising message are in awe of him and have not penetrated his admittedly difficult prose style. . . . For myself, having grown to love the man and his spiritual integrity the more deeply I entered his world, I recall what he said in *The Prophetic Faith* about the true prophet, 'this quivering magnet needle, pointing the way to God.'" And also, Buber might have added, to man.

A Christian theologian, Dr. John Robinson, who is cited by Hodes, defined the I-Thou relationship as the encounter of "two wills in love." And in their very first meeting Buber defined love for Hodes, who came to him as a troubled young kibbutznik, as "responsibility for the loved person by the one who loved."

It was not a problem of sexual, romantic, or kibbutz-comradely love that Hodes had brought; he was in despair



*—Photo by James Marshall*

**Martin Buber—"two wills in love."**

after visiting an emotionally disturbed relative in a mental hospital. From a friend he had heard that "Buber sees people," and one day he simply called him on the telephone. The remarkable relationship that ensued could not be called that of disciple and guru, for such is not Buberism. Instead, it was a bond between a youthful and an aged social activist, which continued long after Hodes's afflicted relative had been drawn to respond to his projection of a loving responsibility, and thus helped to a cure.

Hodes's "intimate portrait" removes from the image of Martin Buber much needless and forbidding intellectualization. For, essentially, Buber is as accessible in his ideas as he was in person in his modest flat in a Jerusalem suburb. Some of the puzzlement around the I-and-Thou concept may be due to the exalted connotation attached to "Thou." True, as Hodes shows, Buber intended every relationship to be special, intense, and lofty, but the "*du*" of the German original also conveys the familiar and intimate. The "Thou" of poetry is close, yet Buber's idea is not of an exclusive "Thou"; rather, it is a universal intimacy, an I-Thou or I-You, as against an I-It. The "Thou" or "You" is constantly in danger of deteriorating into an "it," a fixed object, a political party, an enemy nation, a dogma. As for example in a marriage, where the "dear" becomes a mere husband, a mere wife, an "it" in a frozen relationship.

Since communication is increasingly reduced to slogans, the misapprehension of "Thou" can be a block to understanding Buber. What he asks for, as Hodes shows, is a response in every situation, in every confrontation, "with the whole of your being." It is the intensity of response to life, to God, which is expressed in the fervor of the Hasidim, whose renewing effect on Judaism was, of course, discovered for the Western world by Martin Buber.

After the separation of his parents, Buber had as a child lived with his grandparents in the city of Lvov, on the edge of the birthplace of Hasidism. His grandfather was a famous Talmudic scholar. Much later as a student of philosophy in Berlin, Buber returned to the Hasidic centers and collected the material that proved the foundation of his philosophy and lifework. But Buber was a nonobservant Jew, an early socialist and Zionist who constantly repeated that "spiritual energy must overflow into social action." Although his attitude was that of "Hebrew humanism," he remained a lifelong friend of the orthodox Agnon, who became the first Nobel laureate for Hebrew literature.

The story of Buber himself in relation to the Nobel Prize most tellingly shows the tragic failure of humanity in relationship to the Buberist ideal. Dag Hammarskjöld, then Secretary-General of the United Nations, and a profound admirer of the Jerusalem sage—he was translating *I and Thou* into Swedish at the time of his death—had recommended Buber for the Nobel Peace Prize. But in the context of the political situation, the Committee felt the prize must be a dual designation between an Arab and a Jew. And no Arab could be found as a co-recipient.

This raises the most difficult of all questions: how can dialogue exist when the other side will not enter into it? In the seemingly halted dialogue between man and the divine this has led to the "God is dead" reaction. Yet the Buberian attitude is one of unremitting, constant readiness and insistence, the kind that finally brought forth a response from an emotionally withdrawn patient in an asylum. Nor could it be said that there was no response to Martin Buber's efforts, beginning in 1921, to achieve the dialogue relationship between Arab and Jew. Despite assassinations for doing so, various Arabs kept trying to respond. Even a nephew of the pro-Nazi Mufti of Jerusalem, Hodes notes, lost his life in the attempt at dialogue, and like instances are repeated to this day. An optimistic interpretation of these dismal facts would declare that these efforts demonstrate that man's urge to an I-Thou relationship is unquenchable.

Doubtless such a desperate hope is at the root of Buber's influence, particularly among the young. This influence can only grow stronger through access to Buber's courageous personality, as evoked by Aubrey Hodes, whose vivid and engrossing work deserves the widest readership.

*Meyer Levin, a novelist who lives part of each year in Israel, interviewed Martin Buber for The New York Times.*



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# Book Business

*Alan Green*

**"I would like," you say** to the bookseller, "a copy of Dr. So-and-so's book on such-and-such." "It's not in stock," says the bookseller, "but if you come back in half an hour I will have reproduced a copy for you." Which he does. Which you buy. For no more, and sometimes less, than a work of its size and nature usually costs.

Jules Verne stuff? No. I'm told that Lee Deighton, former Crowell Collier & Macmillan executive, first saw it happen in 1966 in Holland, where a bookseller—or possibly a small publisher (Mr. Deighton wasn't certain which)—offered a fair selection of scientific books, diagrams, and maps. None of these was in stock.

It's a new development of an existing process known as "demand printing." For years publishers and book-manufacturing people have been aware of the basic technique and its low-speed application. The almost instantaneous process, which might be applied to all books someday, first came to my attention this spring.

I was talking to Crowell Collier & Macmillan's Assistant Vice President Alma Triner, who mentioned high-speed, individual-copy demand printing among a number of projects being considered at CCM. A few hours later Jack Schulman, American manager of Cambridge University Press, showed me a demand-printed book. It was about 6" x 9", contained a couple of hundred pages, and was bound in cloth. The sample reminded me of books Xerox had published a number of years ago, although this wasn't a Xerox product. But, a few days later, when I was in the office of Richard Bye, v.p. of Xerox-owned *Publishers' Weekly*, and asked him about demand printing, he said, "We're in it," and explained that University Microfilms in Ann Arbor, another Xerox subsidiary, was turning out textbooks on order. From Donald Ault there I learned that they have on microfilm about 50,000 books from many publishers. And they're filling both quantity and single-copy orders. An enormous backlog for their six reproducers has caused a month's press delay. Once on press, however, a single copy is made and bound in hard or soft covers in about forty minutes. Such a copy might cost the purchaser $15. More, and refined, machinery should bring down price and speed up books.

**By this time, a lot** of other questions needed answering. Alma Triner made a date to have lunch with me and Raymond C. Hagel, CCM's board chairman. Here, compressed from two hours of listening and questioning, is Mr. Hagel's concept of future publishing. An author writes a book. A publisher contracts for it, has it set in type by computer, cathode ray, and magnetic tape—that's being done now—and orders the type microfilmed in quantity. These films he supplies to booksellers possessing reproduction equipment rented from the manufacturer, just as business offices currently rent copying machines. Display material, descriptive notes, and microfilms of jacket designs or paperback covers are also provided by the publisher. Copies for review media can be reproduced by the publisher with similar equipment.

The publisher of tomorrow has edited, set type, and microfilmed. He has not wondered how many copies the market can absorb. He has not warehoused printed sheets or finished books. He has sold and shipped microfilms. The bookseller has neither overbought nor underbought. He has merely purchased microfilm. Later he'll be billed for each copy he reproduces. By coding every microfilm and metering the reproducers, an automatic record is kept. Thus, the publisher gets his fee, out of which he pays the author his royalty. The publisher won't sell a book to a paperback house for reprint because the matter of hard or soft edition is settled by the customer when he makes his selection. The reader no longer has to fear that the book is out of stock. What about libraries? They would have microfilm and reproducers and turn out books as needed. How much will demand-printed books cost at retail when they are in general use? In terms of today's weakened buck, Raymond Hagel estimates $1 to $1.50 in paperback, somewhat more in cloth. What will happen to the home library? It will survive in reduced form. Ever-replaceable soft-bound titles can be discarded as guiltlessly as old magazines. Cherished books can be kept for re-reading. And the smaller library will better fit the smaller home.

**How soon might demand printing** come into general commercial use? As soon as someone or some group has sufficient funds to create the reproducing machines in quantity. Maybe, in a happier time, with federal funds supplied to hasten this new mass-culture development. Ray Hagel says it might take twenty years. On the other hand, just as Sputnik in '57 enormously accelerated space exploration, so the very existence of the process and its present limited use may drive publisher, bookseller, librarian, and reading public to swift acceptance. Hagel emphasizes this point: "For years the publishing industry has believed that it suffers from the annual output of

*"Then it's agreed we tell the government to mind its own damn business. Now, who wants to write the first draft?"*



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too many titles and a public with limited reading time. Actually, the problem is the bookstore's lack of storage and shelf space. Reading time will become a less vital factor when publishers no longer have to depend on quantity printing and immediate sales to break even or make a profit."

What would a foremost book designer think of demand printing? I asked Sidney Jacobs. As Random House production chief and long responsible for Alfred A. Knopf's beautifully designed and manufactured books, he has known of the basic demand-printing process for years. Jacobs recognizes that it's far beyond the Kitty Hawk stage but has yet to achieve intercontinental, let alone jet, status. He believes such books can be handsomely and appropriately designed. Their manufacture, Jacobs says, primarily awaits the development of good paper or paper substitute and a method for instantly binding successively reproduced books of varying length. Demand-printed books "can be as good or as bad as the books we have today," he says, "but, inasmuch as photography is the best technique of reproduction, they could be even better."

I came away from these interviews not sure that demand-printing would soon be a mass operation, but strongly suspecting that Mr. Hagel's and Mr. Jacobs's minds are not in a rut.

**CANCERQUEEN AND OTHER STORIES**

**by Tommaso Landolfi**
**translated from the Italian**
**by Raymond Rosenthal**

Dial, 276 pp., $7.95

*Reviewed by Charles Fantazzi*

■ Italians do not take their *fantascienza* quite so seriously as we do our science fiction. With them it is rather a light-hearted affair, free for the most part of creatures from the black lagoon and Andromeda strains. Italo Calvino's recent *Cosmicomics* is typical of their intellectualized, tongue-in-cheek approach. In one of his stories an astronaut comes back to the earth literally moonstruck, and bays his moon wife every month.

For Tommaso Landolfi science fiction is merely one modality of what he calls "impossible tales," bizarre, chimerical excursions into the unknown and the unattainable. A satanic black humor, midway between the manner of the surrealist academy and the Grand Guignol, pervades his writing, veiling the author's reluctance to face certain dolorous realities of life head-on. Landolfi is a loner in the Italian world of letters, rarely seen in public save in the gaming rooms of San Remo and the Lido of Venice, or in a hidden hamlet south of Rome, where the townsmen refer to him as "*il poeta.*"

"Cancerqueen," the story of a cantankerous half-human, half-mechanical spaceship and its hapless passenger, caught between two worlds, first appeared in 1950, seven years before the advent of the Sputnik era. A well-told tale, it follows the Poe formula with its judicious blend of the macabre and the scientific but weighted more to the former than the latter. The farther into space the pair travel, the giddier the language becomes, until it drifts off into an incomprehensible babble.

Another tale, "A Family Chat," takes place on an unnamed planet, where Papa is trying to explain to his son what the odd earthly phenomenon of speech is all about. Fortunately, interstellar bedtime puts a halt to these halting pedagogics.

Landolfi is at his best in crepuscular or nocturnal settings. In "Shadows," an interloper watches the progress of a *dolce vita* party, in which the jaded guests, disguised as ghosts, wander through the vast rooms and gardens of a country villa. Something untoward happens, as might be expected in such circumstances, when two ardent cousins confront each other in the darkness. The episode explores the morbid delectation experienced in resisting, or feigning to resist, passion.

"'Night Must Fall,'" a story that takes shape from the author's misunderstanding of this simple English phrase that captivated him, celebrates various night musings. After all-night whoring and gambling sprees, the narrator is haunted by the solitary, prolonged, and unchanging note of the horned owl; to him it symbolizes the perfect concentration of restless energies, in contrast to his own futile striving, which is like the diffused, meandering melody of a nightingale. During these nocturnal meditations Landolfi evinces a Virgilian sense of participation in the intimate secrets of nature. He imagines the depressive feelings of the lark, tricked by the clarity of the moon into singing its dawn song, only to cease suddenly and abjectly when the light fails to grow.

Semidarkness envelops the intense drama of "Hands," a short, terrifying vignette that describes the uneven struggle to the death between a mouse and a dog. The hands of the title are actually the feet of the mouse, which take on the aspect of flabby human hands when the animal throws itself on its back in fighting position.

A more repulsive blackness emanates from the pathological confessions of the seducer and murderer of a mute girl in the opening story. Maddened by the victim's inscrutable silence, he is assailed by a tumult of emotions, from tenderness and ecstatic

# Your Literary I.Q.

*Conducted by David M. Glixon*

ECOLOGICAL

Can you choose the men responsible for the following lines from the authors listed? Quotations for this quiz came independently from a couple of far-flung environment-sensitive contributors: Patricia Berger of Lynbrook, New York, and Elinore H. Partridge of Milwaukee. In case of miasma, grope your way to page 33.

1. The world sickens with change, rain becomes poison, The earth is a pit, it is time to perish. ( )
2. . . . it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. ( )
3. The lone and level sands stretch far away. ( )
4. The air swam with the fine, poisonous particles, which from all sides darted, subtilely, as motes in sunbeams, into the lungs. ( )
5. Panoramas are not what they used to be. ( )
6. The town has tinged the country; and the stain Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe. ( )
7. Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed. ( )
8. This is the dead land/This is a cactus land. ( )
9. Nature and man can never be fast friends. ( )
10. Macadam, gun-gray as the tunny's belt, Leaps from Far Rockaway to Golden Gate. ( )

a. Arnold
b. Cowper
c. Hart Crane
d. T. S. Eliot
e. Goldsmith
f. Jeffers
g. Melville
h. Shakespeare
i. Shelley
j. Stevens



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stupor to frenzy and remorse. After the bloody deed is done, he gazes at "her nocturnal and astral face," satisfied that now she belongs to him forever, "but already with a sucking pull" the vortex of reality entraps him.

Nothing escapes Landolfi's acute powers of observation, from the bloodless husk of a glowworm drained by a caterpillar, to the mimed language of deaf-mutes in the dim light of a *pensione*, to the low bestial cry of an aborted infant. He is an extremely talented writer and a consummate craftsman in the nineteenth-century tradition, specifically of the Russian masters, whom he has translated brilliantly into Italian. Landolfi's tone is cold, cerebral, and detached, to such an extent that at times he seems to be transcribing a foreign, bodiless voice. There is no room for sentimentalizing in his fiction. The only basis for moral investigation he allows in this set of tales is that "happiness—or virtue—appeases itself; guilt always demands more guilt."

The translation is merely passable, with frequent tone-and-diction lapses in both dialogue and description; it is also guilty of an occasional awkward blunder. The attempt to retain the original word order of a fundamentally classical Italian style results in some bad syntactical snags and an anomalous Italo-American style.

*Charles Fantazzi is a critic and translator of modern Italian literature.*

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**MRS. PALFREY AT THE CLAREMONT**

**by Elizabeth Taylor**

Viking, 178 pp., $5.95

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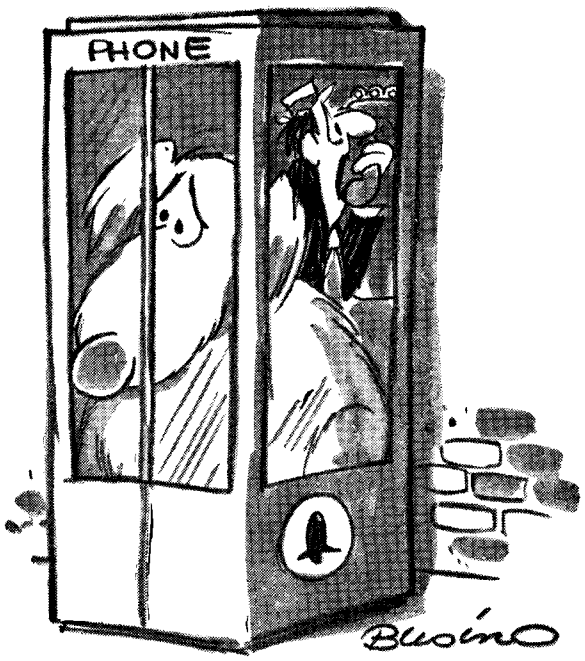
*Reviewed by Lucy Rosenthal*

■ In this, her tenth novel, Elizabeth Taylor's earlier, sometimes brittle ironies have been softened, and the contrivances relaxed. *Mrs. Palfrey at the Claremont* is a tactful, even tender, story of old age, which tells of the camaraderie between a proud, gentle elderly widow and a down-at-heel young writer, who share the pretense that he is her grandson.

Laura Palfrey's real grandson, Desmond, the son of her only married daughter in Scotland, is neglectful and a prig. But Ludo Myers is a charmer, sometimes attentive, sometimes absent, always—whether he is aware of it or not—needful. "There had never been anyone like [Mrs. Palfrey] in Ludo's life—no spoiling aunt or comfortable Nannie, no doting elder sisters—just he and his mother living in too close quarters, and quarreling. No one that he knew stood in awe of writers." Ludo tells Mrs. Palfrey: "You are my third and only living grandmother." He believes he can get literary mileage out of Mrs. Palfrey and her situation—and he does—but he is also more human than he knows.




*"Telephone repair service? A large dog followed me into the phone booth and I can't get the door open!"*

Mrs. Palfrey, when we meet her, has come to that turning point of old age which has made necessary the decision to live at a hotel like the Claremont, in London, a halfway house between the homes of their own that its guests once had and the hospitals or nursing homes where they go to die. ". . . we aren't allowed to die here," Mrs. Palfrey says at one point to Ludo, who surreptitiously writes this down in his notebook for future use. The Claremont guests who people her life are various in their personalities, but their lives are confined so that they do little more than pry and talk of illness and suffer. "The Claremont was rather like a reduced and desiccated world of school."

One day the monotony is broken when Mrs. Palfrey goes on a marvelous errand to the library and, returning, has a splendid adventure. She trips, falls, and is rescued—by Ludo.

> . . . she stumbled, tried to save herself, and fell with the sickening crash of a heavy, elderly person. . . . Light streamed out across wet stones and ferns and a dustbin, and up the steps a young man came, hurrying. He took her in his arms and held her to him, like a lover and without a word, and a wonderful acceptance began to spread across her pain, and she put herself in his hands with ungrudging gratitude.

Ludo is altogether a new experience for Mrs. Palfrey. "Such eyelashes! . . . There was glee in him, and she was both fascinated and uneasy." A little later: ". . . now she was under the influence of charm—a new ingredient in her life . . . She glowed." To help her save face at the Claremont—where the others have already "condoled with her spitefully" for the nonappearance of Desmond—Ludo enters into the charade that *he* is Desmond. And the friendship is sparked by the game.

In the brief period spanned by this novel the two play out this relationship, which has both a filial character and, for her, a dim memory-stirring erotic content.

Though miniature in scope, like much of Mrs. Taylor's previous fiction (*The Soul of Kindness, A Dedicated Man and Other Stories, The Wedding Group,* and others) this novel has a fullness of emotion that is almost surprising in a writer whose work is marked by a foreshortening objectivity and unsentimental English cool. With their tidily arranged ironies Mrs. Taylor's earlier novels and stories sometimes gave an effect of depth that was not always really there. *Mrs. Palfrey at the Claremont* is neither deep nor sentimental, but it is rather loving.

This novel, in fact, reflects a certain tension between the author's proclivity for undercutting ironies and juggled effects, and her growing fondness for her two main characters. For instance, at the opening, Mrs. Palfrey gets the sharp edge of Mrs. Taylor's pen: "She was a tall woman with big



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bones and a noble face, dark eyebrows and a neatly folded jowl. She would have made a distinguished-looking man and, sometimes, wearing evening dress, looked as Lord Louis Mountbatten might in drag." As the story develops, however, one gains the impression of a distinct and girlish femininity, clearly at odds with this mannish description. A minor motif is the daisy chain of unrequited affections. Ludo pines for a laundromat pickup named Rosie, who most of the time couldn't care less; Mr. Osmond (a fellow-guest at the Claremont) loves Mrs. Palfrey, who finds this mostly appalling; and Mrs. Palfrey herself experiences a particular affection for Ludo at those times when he is occupied with Rosie. Apart from a comic impulse, this reflects the manipulative bent in Mrs. Taylor's writing. But here it is subordinated to the spontaneity that breathes life into the relationship of Mrs. Palfrey and Ludo.

A deft and precise realist, Mrs. Taylor reveals her grace as a storyteller by the sympathy with which she invests her crotchety characters. Humor and the decided warmth of this latest novel also enrich what could have been an arid, shadowed landscape. *Mrs. Palfrey at the Claremont* should please, indeed augment, Elizabeth Taylor's following.

*Lucy Rosenthal held the 1968 Pulitzer Fellowship in Critical Writing.*

### WIT TWISTER #228

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

For inspiration's sake this trip
was made;
Yet when they sailed that __ __ __
__ __ __, and seas were rough,
The __ __ __ __ __ __ moaned
that he would gladly trade
His finer __ __ __ __ __ __ for
some of stouter stuff.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 51)

CORRECTION: In Wit Twister #225 (July 10), five dashes appeared within each blank instead of the required six. We apologize.

# Criminal Record

**Fiction**

**Faking It, or, The Wrong Hungarian.** *By Gerald Green. Trident.* $7.95. Ben Bloodworth, barely remembered for his sentimental novel about a Bronx druggist, leaves his wife and children behind in Hicksville, Long Island, as he takes off for a Paris-based World Conference on the Arts and Sciences. Object: a little recognition by the literary élite. Unfortunately, Ben is a basically honest man with total recall of past slights by the assorted bigwigs, an outsider until circumstance—and a few Hungarians, one of whom supposedly can control human behavior by electric stimulation of the brain—cloaks the nebbish writer in the glamorous robes of an American secret agent. Mr. Green's double-barreled thriller—spy and spoof—succeeds, and those readers who enjoy identifying thinly disguised real-life characters will have a ball. But there is an acid aftertaste—Green spleen—that robbed this reader of total pleasure.

**The Backup Men.** *By Ross Thomas. Morrow.* $5.95. Llaquah is a little country about to become the world's richest because of an oil strike, and the problem here is to keep its new king alive until he signs an agreement with various oil companies. The men shadowing the king are the Washington, D.C., barkeep team of McCorkle and Padillo, utilized by the author in two earlier novels. When a corpse appears in McCorkle's living room, the pursuit is on, from Washington to New York to San Francisco. Both backup men are delightful, but they fail to compensate for a thinning plot, whose chase strains reader acceptance as much as it does the aging muscles of the two protectors.

**Crawlspace.** *By Herbert Lieberman. McKay.* $6.95. There is a credibility gap at the beginning of this suspense novel, which the author labors mightily to bridge. Would a man with a serious heart condition and his wife really tolerate—and even come to like—a decidedly strange young man who has taken up residence in the dank, dirty crawlspace beneath the floor of their kitchen? If you accept this premise, then there is excitement indeed, but you'll still have to work through the static middle section of the book.

**Photographs Have Been Sent to Your Wife.** *By Philip Loraine. Random House.* $5.95. Alan Hardy's television career and marriage are wrecked when someone sends out photographs proving Hardy's predilection for underage girls. While awaiting trial, Hardy sets out to find his destroyer, a search which takes him across continents and into contact with others whose sexual appetites have led them to a similar fate. The title is great; unfortunately, the book runs more to talk by narrator Hardy than to action.

**All for One and One for Death.** *By Stanton Forbes. Doubleday.* $4.95. Would you believe a weekend gathering at a doctor's estate that includes a complete set of quintuplets, all female, and five famous men brought there by various ruses to partner off with the quints in a masked experiment, which results in a corpse half swallowed by a white python? One can only say of this compendium of incredibilities, treated seriously by the author, that the cast of characters is unique. But I'd advise you to skip the whole thing.

**Smile and Be a Villain.** *By Hamilton Jobson. Abelard-Schuman.* $4.95 Suspicion that his wife is unfaithful sets an English computer engineer off on a drunken spree that ends with the murder of a policeman. But that's only the beginning of a story that will keep you solidly interested all the way. The main reason is a hero more human than likeable, a type with whom it is possible to identify.

**Fact**

**'Orrible Murder: An Anthology of Victorian Crime and Passion Compiled from the Illustrated Police News.** *By Leonard de Vries. Taplinger.* $7.95. From this collection of Victorian gore, and especially its contemporary woodcuts, one can only conclude that crime ain't what it used to be, and newspaper reportage certainly ain't. Read about the "Terrible Discovery of a Skeleton," "Awful Cruelty to an Idiot Boy," "Execution of Troppmann by Guillotine," "Aeronaut Attacked by Crocodile," all suitably illustrated in blazing black and white. 'Orrible it may have been in its day. Today it's 'ilarious.

**Ready for the Defense.** *By Martin Garbus. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $7.95. The author, a trial lawyer specializing in civil rights, has reconstructed five of his own cases in this excellent book. Though some involve famous names—Lenny Bruce, Timothy Leary, George Wallace—it is actually the issues that make this an important document for every thoughtful citizen. Mr. Garbus's courtroom dramas are engrossing, but he never loses sight of the larger causes they represent.

—HASKEL FRANKEL



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**CHAMISA ROAD WITH . . .**
**PAUL & MEREDITH:**
**Doin' the dog in Taos**

**by Paul Steiner and Meredith Maran**

Random House, 160 pp., $5.95; paperback, $2.45

*Reviewed by Jack Luria*

■ What happens to a pair of talented young rebels after they drop out of high school? Do they achieve their dream of designing their own lifestyle? Are they happy when they split to Taos, New Mexico, build a one-room house, and produce a book about their experience? Paul Steiner and Meredith Maran tell it all.

Paul, now a ripe nineteen, would have graduated in 1969 from the élite Bronx High School of Science, but left about six months earlier. Though Meredith, his girl friend of four years, actually earned her diploma from the same school in 1968, her close relationship with Paul assures her honorary dropout status. *Chamisa Road* is a mélange of documents attesting Paul's own dropout credentials, family recollections, random free-associations, serious probings countered by self-indulgent exhibitionism, snatches of poetry, photographs and sketches.

Since Paul and Meredith march to the same drummer, it is often hard to separate his contributions from hers. Where the feminine touch is evident, however, Meredith is the more thoughtful and finished writer. In a reminiscent mood, she reveals how the seeds of disaffection were sowed early, as she learned that men lead quietly desperate lives. When she nagged her parents to move to the country, so much more pleasant than the city, she was told, "You'll understand when you're older, dear."

In Meredith's words:

> well, shure enuf, i got older. and, in the process, learned all The Reasons. i saw the rent bills, phone bills, bloomingdales' bills, doctor bills, psychiatrist bills. i KNEW why daddy had to go to work. but i still didn't understand. (still don't, not REALLY)

For Paul, whose ambitions to be a writer dated back to an "A" composition in the fifth grade, high school seemed an academic hothouse breeding alienation. Ironically, he met Meredith during one of his many disciplinary calls to the dean's office, where she was working for credit. Together they founded an underground newspaper called *Sans Culottes*, which I remember as a lively, frequently scurrilous, yet harmless sheet. Drawing inspiration from the free-speech movement at Berkeley, the paper was considered gung ho for pot, sex, and rebellion. The outraged school authorities suspended Paul twenty-two times by his junior year, he claims. Yet, as one who took to truancy like a bee to blossoms, he boasts of being among those students who broke the high school's strike in 1968.

—*From the book*

**"it's really impressive and hopefull to see a beautiful place built by freaks and the houses up there are out of sight. i felt like i was standing on liberated land, land where anything is possible. a place where you can feel the freedom to DO IT."**

When Paul and Meredith left for Taos, they withdrew from all forms of activism—protests for peace, racial justice, relevance in education, or students' rights. America is always a sneered *amerika* to them, but their concerns are for personal ease of spirit rather than salvation for the country. Is there a difference between old Aristotle Onassis in a yacht anchored off a remote Mediterranean island and two young people cloistered in a one-room house in a New Mexican desert town? Retreat of this kind is a partial death:

> i'll confess, it's not really enough here either. sometimes we spend days/nights stumbling in the loveliness, trying to find something to DO. sometimes we watch every show, one after another, eating tv dinners and feeling ashamed. wavering amidst cityconsciousness. missing the nightly nodouts on st. marx. wondering if we're affecting anything outside. feeling it happen inside.

Is it possible to escape problems even in desert retreats? There was a visit from a state police officer who "told the chicano junior and senior high school kids in the valley that if they wanted some exercise they should go into town and beat up some longhairs. Some did. . . ." Conflicts with the chicanos and local farmers were inevitable; the change from urban to rural scene merely purchased another kind of loneliness and alienation.

The value of work and order remains, even though it often has been perverted to serve meaningless and unfulfilling ends. Someday perhaps our young dropouts may see the wisdom of Robert Frost's characterization of freedom as "moving easy in harness." But not yet. Instead they seem to be grasping for a kind of self-sufficiency and independence, a separateness from the world they left behind. ". . . we wanted a base. we wanted a place to sit and watch it all happen from. . . ." This they never achieve. Even for the land on which to build their one-room house they need money, and without the bourgeois will to work and save they must depend on the tainted world they profess to despise:

> paul's mother wouldn't let go of his trust fund. college, she said. college? . . . i decided to call my parents. my mother said probly yes, call back tomorrow for details. the next day, my father said no. i can't write about the anguish. can you imagine it? we started haggling about paying on time, hating the idea but not knowing what else to do. car loans. $150 a month just for debts. could this be *us*?

The authors' artwork, derived from Mexican motifs and interspersed with a text produced as typescript facsimile, is superior to the writing, which often seems coy and narcissistic. Yet there are scatterings of unmistakable talent, as in this lovely, evocative vignette:

> sleepy hair
> tangles over
> sunrise-warm cheeks

If he discounts an absence of structure and soggy bits of rhetoric, the reader may find useful insights into the motives governing young people who withdraw from school and society. The book as a whole, however, confirms the fact that mere self-expression can be as shallow as rainwater on a leaky roof.

*Jack Luria is guidance counselor at the Bronx (N.Y.) High School of Science.*



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**NO VICTORY PARADES:**
**The Return of the Vietnam Veteran**

**by Murray Polner**

Holt, Rinehart & Winston,
169 pp., $5.95

*Reviewed by William Beauchamp*

■ What has been the impact of the war on Vietnam veterans? After interviewing 204 of them from all parts of the country, Murray Polner has selected nine—three hawks, three doves, three who are "haunted"—to tell their stories. If they offer a microcosm of the (white) Vietnam veteran from 1964 to 1969, as he believes, what emerges from their cumulative accounts may well be the most persuasive, comprehensive, poignant indictment of the Indochina disaster published to date.

Polner focuses on the men themselves in compassionate vignettes of nine representative, often troubled human beings. No caricatures, no propaganda. Yet, gradually, as they speak—of themselves or others, of "Nam" or the return home—a compendium of ingenuous fallacies and fictions takes shape. It serves as an anthropological source book of catastrophic attitudes, fostered by our institutions and swallowed by our people, toward war and the war-waging state. This is one of the principal riches of Polner's remarkable book. For example:

*War is inevitable:*
"War was war, always was, always would be. Consciencewise, it never bothered me."

*War is altruistic:*
"Everytime we used napalm the ARVN were overjoyed. I know they were; I spoke with them. We really *helped* those people. In the long run we gave them something to live for."

*The enemy are subhuman:*
"I couldn't look at them anymore without thinking 'gook, dink,' anything to show how much I hated them. And soon I found out I was right for thinking that way. . . ."

*The state (one's own) is sacred:*
"The *Pueblo* was piracy by a two-bit nation; it made us seem like nothin'. America was always like a religion to me. . . . We should've leveled Wonsan harbor. . . ."

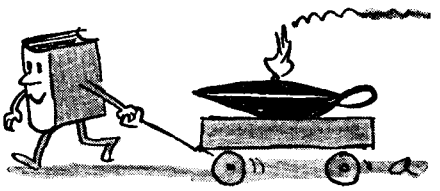
*Our leaders must know what they're doing:*
"If Vietnam was such a mistake, how come the leaders of our country, the wisest men we have, the men we elected in free and democratic votes, the men who have *all* the facts, how come they sent us in?"

*War is a game:*
"That day . . . we had lost dozens in killed and injured. Both sides fought good. It was a good fight; just another wartime incident."

*War is exhilarating:*
"People often asked me how it felt to kill someone. My answer was consistent: 'It felt great.' Hell, what did they, could they, know about war and killing?"

*In war, morality no longer holds:*
Some GIs were overheard talking in a bar: "A question had been raised: would any of them be willing to crush the skull of a Vietnamese infant for a million dollars and a guarantee of immunity? They shouted and laughed; the vote was three to one for."

Desensitization, as in the last example, is not uncommon. When news of Mylai broke, none of the nine were shocked: they had seen its like too often. One of Polner's "haunteds" had been at Tu Doc. Before moving in, the men were harangued about what to expect: VC and NVA would be everywhere, kids would be strapped with bombs, troops were concealed inside the school, there was a weapons stash on the second floor. At the sound of the first shot, everything opened up. A Zippo gun set the school ablaze. "There was fire coming from inside. . . . Kids were running out wildly. We knew they



were kids. Some of the teachers had kids in their hands. And they were all shot. . . . Later we found among the ruins a stash of arms in the hamlet but nothing in the school."

Another of the nine, a dove, had murdered an eight-year-old. When the boy unexpectedly emerged from a tree, the GI grabbed him. The child pulled away, his hand behind his back; the hand moved. "Shoot!" yelled the officer-in-charge. "I fired at him. Again and again, until I emptied my whole M-2 carbine chamber at him. When I looked again, he was cut in two, with his guts all around. I vomited. . . . It was out-and-out murder." Afterward he consulted a psychiatrist and a Catholic chaplain; both assured him he had only done his duty. "You know, that little boy had a three-inch penknife, and I had a carbine."

When most of the nine—hawk, dove, or haunted—tried to tell people back home what Vietnam was really like, reactions were often fearful, skeptical, violent. The father of one stopped speaking to him; his brother threatened to beat him up. Another tried talking to a group of his father's middle-aged friends in a hometown bar: they ganged up on him, punched him in the face, and threw him bleeding onto the sidewalk. One of the doves and his buddy were picketing in an antiwar protest when a policeman came up. "'Any of you people ever *been* in the service?' the cop asked. 'We both were,' my friend answered. 'He was an officer and I was an SP-4 Infantry. I was wounded twice and him once.' The cop smiled. Then he shook his head. 'Too bad,' he said to us, 'too bad you weren't both killed.'"

How have these and other experiences, both in the war and back home, affected the Vietnam veteran? How is he different from past veterans? Despite divergent convictions, from hawk to haunted to dove, Polner discovered remarkable similarities. None of the nine returned unchanged; some try to block the war out; some have become politicized or radicalized; some are looking for answers in religion. Not one has come home untouched by resentment, cynicism, or alienation. Of the larger group of 204 interviewees, many preferred no one to know they had been in Vietnam; almost all thought they had been manipulated. All of the nine, including the hawks, felt at least some shame because of the

**FRASER YOUNG**
**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1459**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1459 will be found in the next issue.*

. . . MLB DJVM YDIJPMCEM ABVVJE TJP BQBPH MYDB JT AYTB — YV MLYV: "EBQBP LXPM CEHFJSH."

—PJXVVBCX

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1458***

*Men talk about Bible miracles because there is no miracle in their lives.*

—THOREAU.



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war. "In 1945," Polner says, "few ex-soldiers apologized for Hiroshima; a staggering number of veterans I spoke with refused to defend U.S. action in Vietnam."

The author concludes that "never before in American history have as many loyal and brave young men been as shabbily treated by the government that sent them to war; never before have so many of them questioned as much, as these veterans have, the essential rightness of what they were forced to do."

For the sake of the common weal, Murray Polner's cool, shattering reportage should be serialized on the front page of every American newspaper.

*William Beauchamp is currently working on a book examining social attitudes toward war and peace.*

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**THE AMERICAN QUEST, 1790-1860:**

**An Emerging Nation in Search of Identity, Unity, and Modernity**

**by Clinton Rossiter**

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
396 pp., $9.50

*Reviewed by John Shy*

■ Clinton Rossiter died just a year ago. Only fifty-two, he was a highly productive and widely acclaimed political scientist. He was also one of the ever-smaller circle of that profession who have kept their ties to the discipline of history. Not only do Professor Rossiter's major works on politics—on crisis government, American conservatism, the American response to Marxism, parties and politics, and the American Presidency—reject the behavioral for the historical approach, but three of his books are straight historical studies: of early American political thought, Alexander Hamilton, and the Convention of 1787. His last book, which was only two weeks from its final revision at the time of his death and prepared by his widow for publication, reflects his career-long effort to resist the dual pressures of idiographic history and behavioral political science, and to maintain the original intimacy between the two disciplines.

*The American Quest* is not a history of the United States during the years spanned by the title; rather, it is an essay on the early national period of American history cast in a framework provided by the contemporary literature on development, nation-building, and modernization. The "quest" of the title is for the twin prizes of "nationality" and "modernity," defined by the first part of the book in language created by those social scientists who have studied, and frequently despaired of, struggles to achieve either goal in states and societies of the Third World. Rossiter argues that the American Quest, 1790-1860, was collective behavior explicitly, self-consciously directed toward precisely those goals, and the rest of the book is a scorecard of American successes and failures, choices of techniques, and advantages and disadvantages. In spite of slavery and the Civil War, the constant themes of his analysis are success, good fortune, healthy values, and wise decision-making; "emerging" America is presented on the one hand as a model of progress toward modernity and nationality, and on the other hand as an inimitable model because it is bound by irreversible time and peculiar circumstances. For all his very considerable knowledge of American history, and extensive reading in the literature on modernization, Rossiter's version of the story sounds disturbingly familiar. Considered as a book about either nineteenth-century United States or its relevance to the non-Western world in the twentieth century, *The American Quest* must be reckoned a failure.

The book fails at several levels. Stylistically, it is breezy, at points close to being crude. Rossiter was a smooth, lucid, often graceful writer, and perhaps he would have spent more than two weeks revising *The American Quest* before giving it to the publisher; but internal evidence suggests that he knew what he was doing, and was trying to break through into a new, more personal, less academic idiom. The repeated intrusion of self, the parenthetical quips, the topical references, the dubious comparisons and labored metaphors do not make the book more engaging or intellectually accessible; they merely harm the attempt to deal seriously with a set of almost intractable questions.

Analytically, the book also fails, but at this level Rossiter's earlier work is clearly recognizable. His tendency was always to waffle evidence in order to bring it into whatever line of argument he had chosen to pursue. It is a technique that relies heavily on "however . . . yet . . . still . . . nevertheless" and all their synonyms. Inconvenient data is explained away by finding and exploiting ambiguity. Opponents of the Constitution in 1787-1788 are described as really "committed Americans . . . dedicated to the Quest for modern nationhood." Or, "an exaggerated sense of present-mindedness must not obscure the primary fact that white America . . . was remarkably free from the soul-wasting, often death-dealing tensions of tribal or ethnic diversity." Again and again the reader is faced with assertions like these, assertions that are not untrue, but which by verbal sleight of hand slide around the issue.

What does it mean to say that Patrick Henry and James Madison, who fought bitterly over the Constitution, were "committed" in the same sense to an American Quest for "modern nationhood"? How much more intense would the rejection of Catholic immigrants have to be, how much more frequent their killing by Protestants during the 1840s and 1850s, in order to disqualify the United States as "remarkably free" of ethnic and tribal

*"Why here is a letter in SR that reflects your own views exactly. It is signed 'a voice crying in the wilderness.'"*



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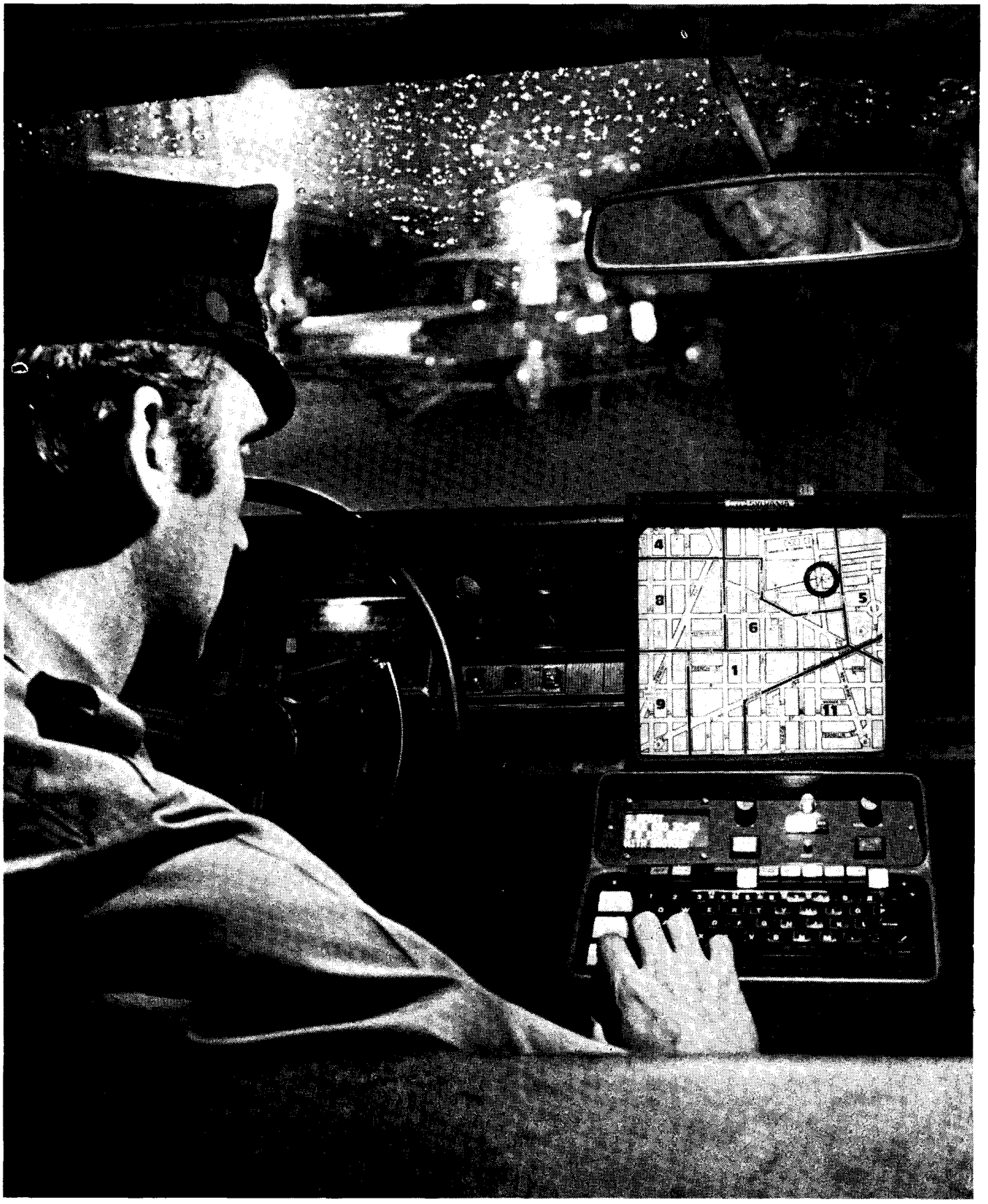
# Introducing a crimestopper so advanced



Digicom is made by the Sociosystems Products Organization of GTE Sylvania, P.O. Box 188, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

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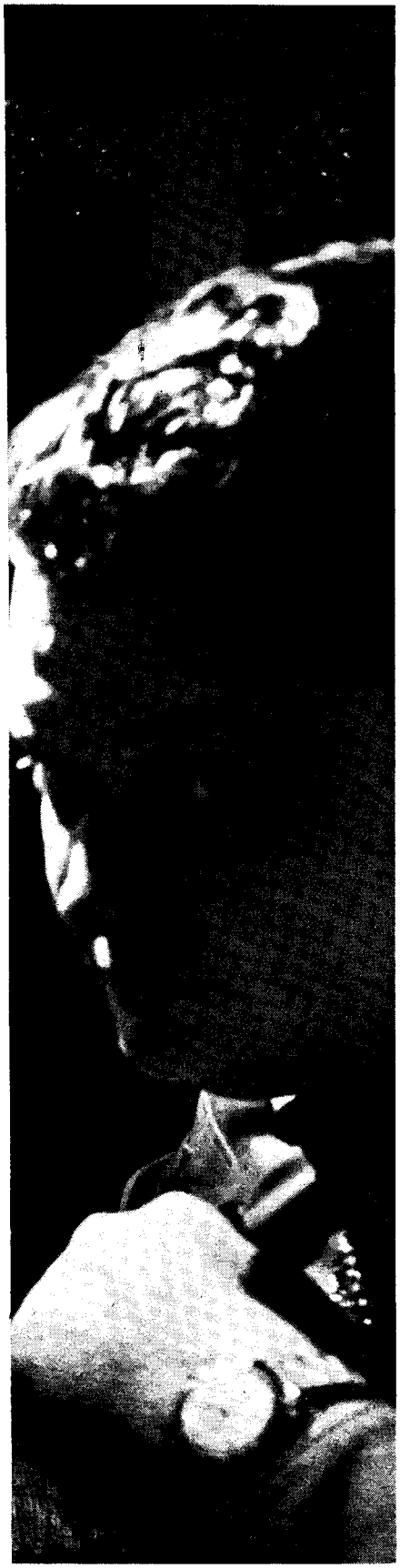
730 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

# Dick Tracy doesn't have it yet.



It should come as no news flash to you that there's no one easy way to stop crime.

But it may surprise you to know that a lot of the job is wrapped up in one man. The guy whose job it is to get the police to the scene fast. The police dispatcher.

As the calls come in, he has to track down the radio car closest to the scene.

And that's just for openers.

Because next he has to find out if it's available.

And then get in touch with it by radio.

Which is exactly where our new crimestopper comes in. The digicom system from GTE Sylvania.

Digicom records the availability of all radio cars on a TV screen down at headquarters.

It even records their exact location. (When the radio patrolman touches a spot on his digimap, the same spot lights up on the dispatcher's duplicate map.)

As for the cop on patrol, with digicom in his car, he can actually run five license plate checks a minute directly through the state computer file. And check up on suspicious characters.

Unlike conventional radio, nobody can listen in, and the channels are never congested. Because digicom doesn't transmit voices. It transmits data. Electronically.

Naturally, all of this means a lot to the police, who need all the help they can get nowadays.

The cop on the spot can make faster decisions, because he's better informed.

That goes for the dispatcher, too.

But it also means something to the average citizen.

Knowing which car to send where can not only save time, but lives. And at the very least, can just plain get help to a lot of people fast.

Of course, the police can't carry digicom around with them like Dick Tracy's wrist-radio.

Yet.

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

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conflict? Such questions were less urgent in Rossiter's other books, which are genuinely informative even if one declines to accept the author's judgment; *The American Quest,* however, concentrates on evidence familiar to any reader of American history.

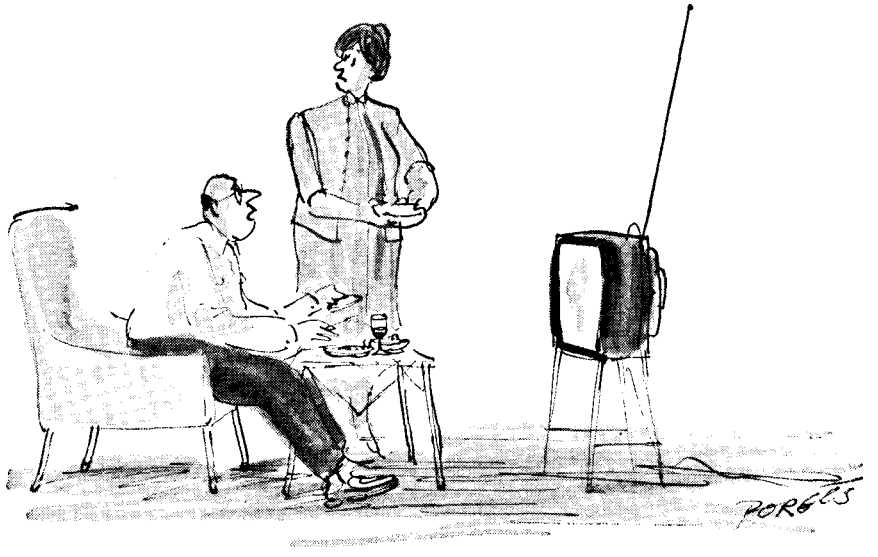
The conceptual weakness of the book is more serious than its stylistic flaws or its analytical deficiencies. Rossiter has taken a body of ideas that have emerged since World War II, ideas which are tied very closely to certain preoccupations and inclinations of American government and academia during the Cold War, and he has applied them to the "case" of the United States from 1790 to 1860. He begins with a list of criteria by which "modernity" and "nationality" are allegedly measurable, and he then asks how an earlier United States measured up. More lists follow, as he checks off each category, and he is left with a short list of anomalies, which are thus puzzles to be solved. Why didn't the United States become less religious and more secular in the ante-bellum period, the way modernizing nations are supposed to act? How did it become a modern nation with a central government that was growing less active and effectual, when modernization theory indicates that the opposite should have happened?

The religiosity of American society and its implications, and the relationship between the federal government and American nationalism and economic development, are both important questions, but Rossiter's approach leads to asking them in unanswerable, essentially sterile form. Moreover, these anomalous questions occupy him only in passing, because his primary aim is to judge American performance by the standards of modernization and national development; repeatedly, his argument culminates in a sentence like this one: "So crucial was the *Protestant ethic* for the development of the United States that we may properly isolate it and salute it as a major plus." Throughout, the author praises, admires, gives credit, occasionally regrets or deplores. Whatever our feelings may be about the Constitution, slavery, or the Protestant ethic, I cannot believe that this kind of normative analysis is anything but retrograde—a major barrier to better historical understanding. But normative judgments follow naturally from the concept of the book.

What went wrong? I am not sure, because I knew Rossiter only by his writings, not as a person. But his writings offer clues, if not answers. He appears in his work as a positive-minded, optimistic man with a deep, unqualified commitment to the United States. Optimism and patriotism animate all of his books. They made him a spokesman for a mild neo-conservatism in the 1950s, and in *The American Quest* they seem untouched either by the nightmare of Vietnam or by his more personal nightmare at Cornell in the spring of 1969. While so many of his contemporaries struggled with intellectual complexities and moral uncertainty, Rossiter displayed an easier, less troubled moral sense, and, though complexity left him confused, he was merely amused because, if complex questions would admit of several interpretations, one of them would almost surely be his own.

It is too easy, however, to explain an unhappy book solely as the product of a happy temperament. Equally important is the thrust of Rossiter's entire career as the political scientist-cum-historian. Political science turned behavioral when it realized that its traditional historical approach was doing little to attack basic questions about politics. Rossiter—correctly, I think—agreed that a historical behavioralism brings its own self-deceptions and blind alleys. Yet, unlike a critic of behavioralism such as C. Wright Mills, Rossiter simply adhered, unshaken by the doubts of most others, to the traditional, historical brand of political science. At the same time, he remained a professional political scientist, whose avowed goal was to study politics as scientifically as possible. The real trouble with *The American Quest* lies in the dilemma that Rossiter seemed unwilling to recognize: he did not ask truly historical questions, because historical study was professionally a means to a higher scientific end; but the science had moved away from his own deepest interests and so had to be borrowed and used as best he could. The result is a book that can say nothing new to historians and may do no more than confirm what most political scientists already think about historical study. Whether general readers will find value in a highly compressed, allusive version of both modernization theory and American history, 1790-1860, will depend on individual knowledge and taste.

*Among John Shy's interests as professor of history at the University of Michigan is the American Revolution.*




*"Must we eat leftovers while watching reruns?"*

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**THE SITUATION OF THE NOVEL**

**by Bernard Bergonzi**

Pittsburgh University Press,
226 pp., $6.95

*Reviewed by Harry T. Moore*

■ The novel in our century has been battered and twisted by isms that have zigzagged across it, from futurism and surrealism to what the French call *chosisme* (thing-ism). Yet many novelists still write in the traditional way. In *The Situation of the Novel* an English critic examines the novel of today with some allusions to the recent past and an occasional thrust as far back as Fielding.

Bernard Bergonzi's book is indeed so full of references that at first reading it gives a rather scattered effect. The author buttresses many of his statements with quotations from fellow-critics or practicing novelists, commentators as widely different as Wayne C. Booth and Alain Robbe-Grillet. But eventually a pattern emerges out of the seeming jumble, and it becomes apparent that Bergonzi is essentially writing a history of the British novel since about 1950. He has various incidental points to make, sometimes about American novelists.

In one chapter entitled "America: The Incredible Reality," he deals with



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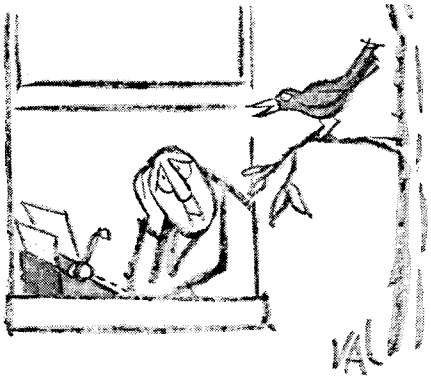

a limited number of authors who have caught his favorable attention. He mentions "the Negro novel, the Jewish novel, the Depression novel, the campus novel" but, save for some special notes on Saul Bellow, Bergonzi ignores writers in most of these categories to deal with several he classifies as members of the "comic-apocalyptic school." He sees Nathanael West and Ralph Ellison as the literary ancestors of such authors as Thomas Pynchon, Joseph Heller, Terry Southern, John Barth, and various others. He examines the work of some of them briefly, admiring Pynchon more than the rest and admitting that, although he couldn't finish reading Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor*, he liked what he did get through. Bergonzi finds that American readers don't look so much for literature in their novels and poems "as for the insights they afford into the American Myth or Dream or Nightmare." Although he writes shrewdly of the few novelists he deals with, they are insufficiently balanced against their contemporary fellow-countrymen. (Norman Mailer turns up interestingly in another context, as we shall see.)

Bergonzi devotes most of the book to English writers. He seems to suggest that only Anthony Burgess is as lively (linguistically, at least) as the "comic-apocalyptic" school of Americans, though he finds other valuable attributes among a number of British novelists. Because the English are an untheoretical people, their fiction, he notes, tends to be traditional.

In a chapter called "Looking Backward" Bergonzi treats writers of sequence or series novels, including Evelyn Waugh, Anthony Powell, C. P. Snow, Lawrence Durrell, Henry Williamson, and Philip Toynbee. He skips over the last three to deal at some length with the others, preferring Powell and Waugh to Snow, whom he finds at his best in *The Masters*, the college novel in the "Strangers and Brothers" series. Bergonzi shows his skill as a technical critic in such passages as his notation of Snow's use of the effect of a grate fire in a parlor as opposed to a lighted window seen from outside, images and symbols that occur throughout Snow's series. Bergonzi's principal criticism, written while the sequence still lacked its final volume, is that the narrator, Lewis Eliot, is "a fragmentary collection of attributes." Yet he thought that the series was improving.

On the other hand, Bergonzi finds Powell's "A Dance to the Music of Time" to be a "great comic work" in the first nine novels, though he doubts that Powell can keep it up so effectively or that he will be able to bring about "the triumphant recapitulation of a *Temps retrouvé*." Yet the comedy so far is in the best English tradition, and so is that in Waugh's "Sword of Honour" series, which deals with the fortunes of Guy Crouchback. Bergonzi believes that Waugh went in the wrong direction in his best-selling war novel, *Brideshead Revisited*, but that the Crouchback stories comprise the finest World War II fiction by an Englishman. In "impeccably incisive prose" Waugh presents "farce, social comedy and a real sense of the importance of tradition."

Besides making out a solid case for Kingsley Amis (whom he thinks the critics underestimate), Bergonzi offers some shrewdly favorable comments on Angus Wilson. In the chapter "Beyond Fiction?" he points out the values of the purely autobiographical work, citing, as two supreme examples, Waugh's thinly fictional *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* and Mailer's *The Armies of the Night*. Bergonzi avoids predicting that the main line of fiction will necessarily go in that direction, but he leaves a strong suggestion that such works provide the kind of order and unity which the novel of the future will need.

It is impossible to summarize all of Bernard Bergonzi's ideas, partly because so many of them scurry to so many destinations. He amusingly mocks American critics who continually look for shock, surprise, and excitement. Yet this quotation-heavy and thought-laden book provides, at least on later readings, a series of comments that are often shocking, surprising, and exciting.

*Harry T. Moore is a research professor at Southern Illinois University and author of a recent book of literary essays, "Age of the Modern."*

**LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS**

1f (*The Broken Balance*), 2h (*Hamlet*), 3i (*Ozymandias*), 4g (*The Tartarus of Maids*), 5j (*Botanist on Alp*), 6b (*Task*), 7e (*Deserted Village*), 8d (*Hollow Men*), 9a (*In Harmony with Nature*), 10c (*Van Winkle*).

## Best Seller

*Continued from page* 15

dicate additional motivation: "I've known of too many booksellers who simply lie about the sale of something on which they have over-ordered so that a rush might possibly be touched off."

Now for the other end of the pipeline, the source of the information—the booksellers. A cross section of leading stores was queried. To the question of how best-seller lists were regarded came a mixed bag of opinions: "Very inaccurate." "A selling aid for undecided people." "Wholesalers of books should be polled." "About 75 per cent accurate." "Outdated." "Suggest more of a breakdown, perhaps a list for each section of the country." "A tool for gift-giving." "The list helps our rental library books."

Because of the marginal economics of their business, few bookstores have the staff, the organization, or the time to arrive at an accurate sales count each week. Often, they reply hastily to compilers of best-seller lists, without tabulating an actual weekly sales count. The tendency is to take the easy way out and to report the same list of books week after week. This habit accounts for the fact that once a book is a best seller it is difficult to dislodge it from a list. The average life of a best seller is eighteen weeks.

Occasionally, a book with a strictly local appeal will suddenly appear on a national best-seller list—indigenous froth by a San Francisco columnist, the autobiography of a Chicago TV personality, the life histories of the Dallas Cowboys. This development occurs simply because some large cities have enough stores regularly reporting to provide sufficient votes to have a certain title make the list, particularly if the number of stores reporting from other cities that week happens to be low.

Many stores skip certain categories of books in their reporting. Seldom does a reference volume, a Bible, a cookbook, a mystery (exception: the new Agatha Christie), or an inspirational tome make the best-seller lists. The compilations are also strictly limited to current publications, despite the fact that such titles as *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, *Better Homes and Gardens Cookbook*, *The Prophet*, *A Man Called Peter*, Fielding's travel guides, Roget's, Bartlett, and the King James all may be selling at a faster clip than the brand-new, big-name best sellers.

Can the best-seller lists be rigged? As previously mentioned, there are suspicions that some book dealers "best seller" a book because they are over-



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stocked. Certain publishers have been known to sumptuously wine and dine booksellers in efforts to get a book on the lists. There have been instances of publishers creating a false run on a book by hiring phony buyers. On a few major offerings, some publishers make delivery to retail outlets as much as three months prior to official publication. For example, *Topaz,* Leon Uris's 1967 best seller, was No. 1 for fiction simultaneously with its "official" publication date, which means the novel was reported to the lists at least two weeks before it became available to the reading public.

Furthermore, the lists' publishers, by limiting their sources of information to bookstores only, completely ignore figures from by far the two largest distributors of books in the country: the libraries and the book clubs. It is perfectly possible for a book selected by a major book club to have twice as many copies distributed than one high on the best-seller list. For example, Lewis Mumford's *The Myth of the Machine* and Dennis Bloodworth's *An Eye for the Dragon,* both Book-of-the-Month Club selections, never made the lists, but each was distributed to at least 150,000 BOMC members, a far greater readership than that of many best sellers. Incidentally, the combined membership of three of the largest book clubs—Reader's Digest, Book-of-the-Month, and the Literary Guild—totals some five million direct-by-mail purchasers of new books at reduced prices.

As for library distribution, many publishers acknowledge that as much as 80 per cent of their total sales is to jobbers selling almost exclusively to libraries. There, a popular book circulates many times more than one that has been bought in a store. Thus, a best-seller list cannot be an accurate indication of a book's popularity if it reflects only over-the-counter sales.

In addition, paperback sales are not tallied in best-seller accounting. True, the producers of the lists do get a guilty conscience now and then and print a best-seller list exclusively of paperbacks. But the problem becomes further complicated with the growing tendency toward simultaneous printings in hardcover and paperback.

What are the effects of the lists upon the public and the publishing business? First of all, the publisher celebrates in Fourth of July fashion a book's initial appearance on any best-seller list. What might have been a bomb has exploded in the right direction—upward. Off to the author goes a rocket telegram of congratulations. Off to the paperback people goes a firecracker announcement to get on the band wagon. Wire the sales force, get those reorders in. Sparkle up the ad budget and run that lovely banner: BEST SELLER. Order a big new printing.

And forget about the rest of the books on the list. There's the rub. Forget about that mailing to professors of philosophy announcing Professor Z's new book, which took him twenty years to write. Tell the publicity department to put aside those news releases on all those deserving first novels and get the author of the new best seller on the Johnny Carson and Dick Cavett and David Frost shows. Notify the rights department to drop juvenile paperback efforts and go to it on the dividend bit with the book clubs. Tell the production manager to use the paper set aside for that book on ecology (passé) for the big new printing of the sudden best seller.

Admittedly, most publishers rely heavily upon a best seller's financial success to help cover costs of slow movers and to enable them to publish first novels, poetry, and other works that add prestige to the house but contribute little to its coffers; however, the advertising budget usually favors the best seller at the expense of less popular, but equally deserving, books.

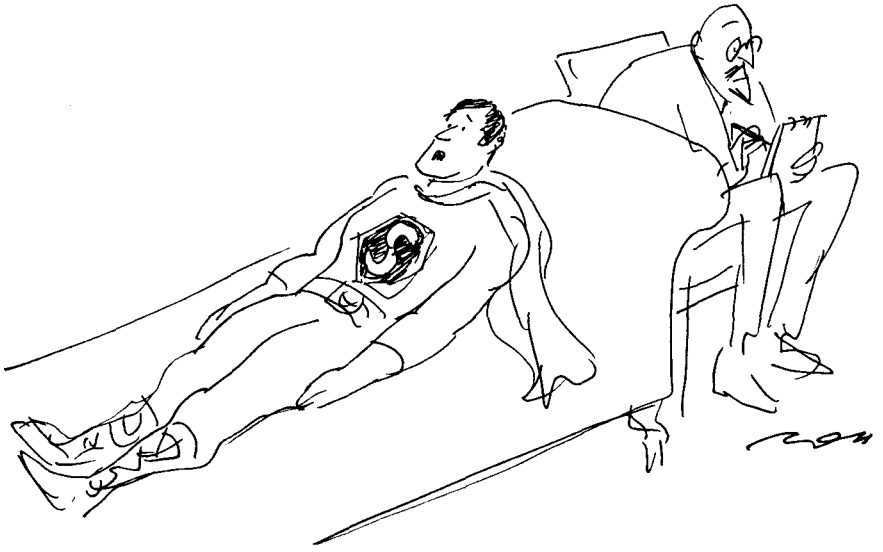
For the fifty-odd books that make the best-seller lists every year, 30,051 other books (1970 figures) will suffer one kind of neglect or another. This has been the case ever since the original best-seller list appeared in 1895 in *The Bookman.* It reported on fiction only (*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* by Ian MacLaren was the first No. 1 best seller). In 1912, *Publishers' Weekly* added non-fiction to the list, and soon other periodicals and newspapers got into the act.

Despite the continued reliance on best-seller lists—by both the industry and the reading public—it is quite evident that the newspaper and magazine compilers of best-seller lists and the bookstore reporters to the list are, to say the least, uncertain as to the lists' accuracy. It is equally evident that the book publishers are commercially wedded to the lists, even if the rankings do supply a tremendous sales incentive to only a handful of their books.

One obvious solution to the situation would be to abolish publicizing the lists altogether. But the publishers would not stand for that, nor would the booksellers—both for strictly business reasons.

Consequently, if the lists are destined to continue, why not make them as accurate as possible. Make them authoritative, define their limitations, and be frank about their timing and the sources from which they are compiled. Make the same lists readily available to all periodicals and newspapers throughout the country. In fact, all parties concerned would probably benefit if there were just one best-seller list. Such a list could be compiled from what are probably the most reliable data: sales figures obtained directly from the publishers. Most publishers have highly pertinent print-outs from their computers that should reveal up-to-date weekly sales figures—not counting returns—on any title. *Publishers' Weekly*, as previously mentioned, already incorporates this basic information in its listings. These figures could then be corrolated with those from the booksellers.

Undoubtedly, one up-to-date, authoritative, and reliable best-seller list could prove a boon to everybody. The compilers would like it because they could reduce their staffs and save a lot of time and money—and restore confidence in the bargain. The booksellers would like it because they would have to report only once a week to one request. And, finally, the public would like it because it could rely on the list for what it really is, and not, as now, for what it pretends to be.



*"Sometimes I think I'm a bird; other times I think I'm an imaginary oaf and a bore."*



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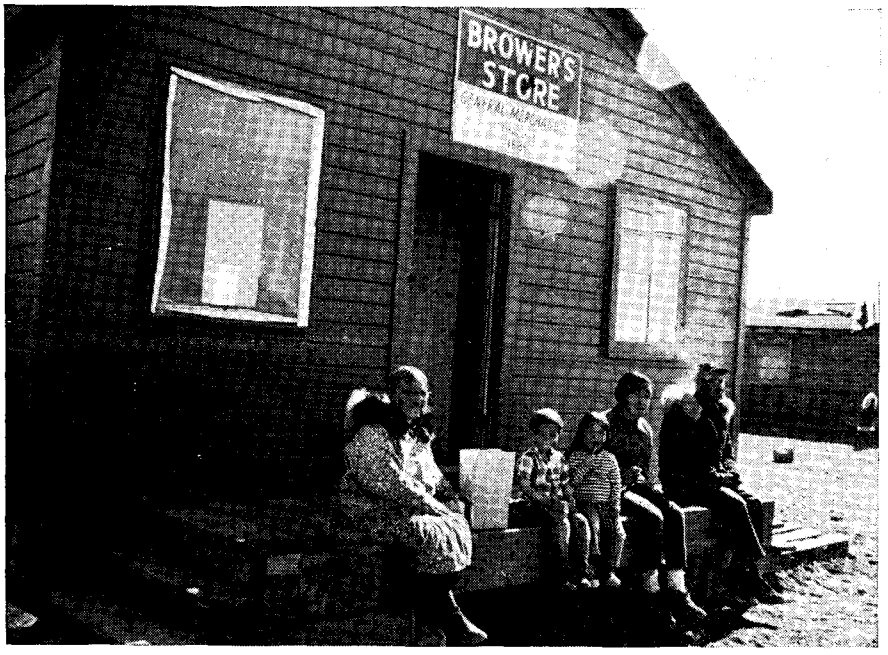
# Booked for Travel

*David Butwin*




**Downtown Barrow on a summer's day—"A jarring clash of the ice and jet ages."**

## Top of the World

WHAT BETTER WAY to celebrate the summer solstice than to fly up to the Alaskan Arctic and spend the night in an Eskimo village? The only trouble, as I learned on a 7 a.m. flight out of Anchorage on that longest day of the year, is that sometimes the weather at Point Barrow, 330 miles north of the Arctic Circle, turns too thick and gray for planes to attempt a landing. "This is the first time in three days we'll get into Barrow," a reservations clerk told me at the Fairbanks airport on the first of two stops en route to the midnight sun. Back on the plane, a Wien Consolidated Airlines jet, an elderly couple from Michigan said it was their third try in three days at landing in Barrow, the world's largest Eskimo settlement.

Crossing a state large enough to make even a Texan say uncle, we had already passed through an assortment of climatic and natural phenomena not found in most *countries*: from Anchorage, always cool, often rainy, but on this day perfectly sunlit; up past McKinley and its snowy sister mountains; into the interior and Fairbanks, bright and warm by midmorning and promising 80-plus degrees to a brave citizenry that must put up with 50 and 60 below through a long dark winter; and now over the endless tundra.

Peary wouldn't have gone this way, but even so, you could sense a rugged trailblazing outdoorsmanship aboard the yellow, white, and blue 737—that is, if you looked for it. I looked and saw a huge, obviously Alaska-bred mosquito buzzing around the overhead rack, and moments later when a member of the wasp family droned into view the stewardess caught it with a napkin and dunked it in a glass of 7-Up. Spotted among the ma-and-pa tourists from the lower forty-eight were men going to work, one wearing Levis and holding a green hard hat in his lap, another in red hunting vest. They were bound for Prudhoe Bay, the second stop out of Anchorage and site of the celebrated North Slope oil fields. The name of the airport at Prudhoe trips eerily over the tongue: Deadhorse. Landing there, we were met at planeside by the customary greeter, an Eskimo dog the Wien flight crews have named Dumb-Dumb for his dogged persistence. When the passengers had got off, Dumb-Dumb got on and nuzzled the stewardesses, an act he plays out every day at Deadhorse.

Although drilling and other support work have been all but cut off at Prudhoe Bay pending settlement of native land claims and the pipeline controversy, the place seemed alive and buzzing on this cool and shimmering June day. Dozens of construction workers and so-called roughnecks who man oil rigs stood around the airstrip laughing and talking in little knots. The airport crowd was perhaps swelled that morning by an impending visit of Rogers Morton, the Secretary of the Interior, who was coming up to see the trouble firsthand and was scheduled to stay the night at Barrow.

For that tourist who's done almost everything, Wien puts on daytime and overnight tours of the North Slope, although you wonder who would spend $215 to fly up and back from Fairbanks, see the discovery well and pipeline storage area, discuss arctic research and development, and stay at the Deadhorse Lodge, which looks like nothing more than a long, narrow, bright orange prefab hut. "Things are a little slow up here," said a Wien ground attendant who had been exiled to Deadhorse just a week before. "Last night there was *one woman* in the lodge. About three times my age. When she started to look good, I went home to bed."

Barrow is due west of Deadhorse on the top coast of Alaska, so far north that for seventy-two days a year the sun doesn't sink below the horizon and, during a like period in midwinter, fails to appear at all. From the window you could see the stark whiteness of the Polar Icecap, broken through in places and slowly edging north from shore with the coming of summer. Over the intercom the pilot advised us to scan the icecap for seals and sperm whales. Sometimes, he added, you can spot the aftermath of a recent killing, usually by the trail, or "lead," the Eskimos have cut through the icy water to drag back their catch.

Whatever inclemency had darkened Barrow the previous days had now given way to a broad cloudless sky and temperatures heading into the balmy high 40s. Eskimos waiting around the

*—Photos by Forrest Mulvane*

**Sleep is not for Barrow's young.**



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little terminal had unzipped or shed their summer parkas. Their children—tireless little dynamos—were dashing around the gravelly tundra in shirtsleeves.

Barrow's population of about 3,000 includes only several non-Eskimos; one is a young man from the lower forty-eight named Mark Bradley who lives in the village and leads daily tours, for Wien, in a makeshift blue bus that had served as an Army vehicle in an earlier stage. There is nothing deluxe about the Barrow tour, except perhaps the colorful, handsome parkas that Bradley provides when the sun starts down and the night air turns cooler. At high noon on June 21, however, he declared the weather too warm for parkas, and the group—mostly older couples and families—fell in obligingly, ready to match up the reality of Eskimo life with the igloo-and-blubber conditioning they had received in school.

Whether you take the Wien tour or visit Barrow on your own, the experience is at once illuminating and sad. For an Eskimo village, Barrow is highly modernized and advanced, and yet because of this—because of its piped-in propane gas supply, the daily exposure to tourists, the introduction of drugs, snowmobiles, and other current scourges—a tremulous cultural shock has resulted. The visitor can't imagine a more jarring clash of the ice and jet ages.

Barrow is a jumble of frame and Quonset huts set on the edge of the Arctic Ocean, into which sewage and waste must be dumped as the portable toilets — or "honey buckets" — fill up. The tundra is underlaid by 600 feet of permafrost, making it impossible to sink a sewerage system; the smells of waste and rotting animal carcasses always hang in the air. Snowmobiles have replaced dog sleds in the past few years, and so the roar and rasp are heard above the yelp and bark, even in the summer when the snow is gone from the tundra and the Eskimo boys persist in beating their rusting machines over the gray gravel. Umiaks, the walrus-skin fishing boats, have not yet given way to Chris-Crafts. There was one propped up beside the road, its oars crossed to symbolize the success of the recent whaling season. Village whalers claimed an even dozen kills, and the following day, June 22, most of Barrow would be down on the shore to celebrate the catch.

Splitting off from the tour group, a friend and I poked about the center of town in the warming sun. In Brower's Store, a printed notice on the back of the door listed the revised Barrow Whalers Rules, setting down such things as the rights to a slain whale according to whose boat captain and whose explosive make the killing. Across the road in Al's Eskimo Café we looked over a menu serving "the finest reindeer beef, caribou, and pork north of the Arctic Circle." We opted for the specialty of the house, reindeer soup; the waitress said she was out of walrus liver.

An Eskimo man, smiling, friendly, and obviously feeling the effects of a morning drunk, pulled up a chair and proceeded to clarify some popular misconceptions about life on the Arctic. His words were slurred, but the message carried a tone of irony. "Us Eskimos, we call 'em boots. You Chicagos call 'em mukluks. We have no igloos here. Only in the winter when we are camping and hunting. Then we saw up the blocks, put them around the tent, and cover up the ice with canvas. The big round igloos? That was in old times. This is the jet age—remember?"

After lunch we caught up with the tour in time to witness a rather pathetic daily event—a dog team tied to a sled on wheels pulling tourists in twos and threes up and down a dusty road while an old Eskimo on the back tried to keep the dogs untangled and moving in a straight line. Barrow was so short on working dogs—those that remain since the snowmobile invasion are mostly pets—that a team had to be brought in from Wainwright, another Eskimo town 100 miles away.

Every afternoon when a tour is in town a group of Barrow's elders bounces and sways through an indoor dance performance, managing to exude a remarkable measure of cheer and spontaneity considering the canned setting. If there is beauty in Barrow, it is in the faces of the people, particularly the bronzed, deeply etched, quick-to-smile expressions of the old. The kids, bright-eyed, mischievous, got into the show after the dancing had died down, taking turns bouncing high off a stretched blanket and into the chill blue air.

Every city has a Shaker Heights or Oak Park on the fringe, and even Barrow, with its Browerville, is no exception. Just down the shore and around the bend from town stands this tiny settlement with buildings bigger and more substantial than Barrow's, cleaner yards, a sturdy hotel, and a restaurant that serves less ethnic dishes than Al's. Charles Brower, for whom the suburb and most local businesses are named, came to Point Barrow as the first white settler in 1884 and established the Cape Smythe Whaling and Trading Company two years later. In his time—he died in 1945—Brower had fourteen children, and indeed every second villager claims to be his kin. For that and other feats he was nicknamed King of the Arctic. His son Tom runs the restaurant, which attracts a variety of townsfolk, bush pilots, employees from the local Public Health Service Hospital, and gangs of kids who come in nightly for root beer floats.

On one wall are tacked the red serial number and nameplate of the little Lockheed plane that carried Will Rogers and Wiley Post to their deaths twelve miles away on August 15, 1935. At a counter in front, the restaurant sells such Eskimo artifacts and crafts as tiny baskets made of baleen, or whalebone. Earlier in the day I had admired one marked at $70—probably half the price of the same product in Fairbanks—but now, after my roast-beef-plate dinner, I noticed the basket was gone. I saw it again an hour later in the school library, where scores of Eskimos gathered to hear Secretary Morton try to explain the government's position on the pipeline and land claims. Morton, a big polar bear of a man appropriately dressed for the occasion in thermal jacket and climbing boots, was presented a brown paper bag by the president of the Arctic Slope Native Association, and from it he pulled the missing baleen basket.

There was no point in going to sleep that night, at least not until the midnight sun had been seen across the icecap. Protected now by a parka, I stood on the shore and watched the sun fall until it came within perhaps ten degrees of the icy horizon and then slowly started up again. It was past midnight, but every child in town was outside playing. When I went to bed sometime after two, the curtains in the tiny Top of the World Hotel barely filtered the light, and outdoors children's voices still split the air. At 9:30 the next morning when I got up and walked down the road to Brower's for breakfast, the town seemed strangely empty and quiet, and somewhere children slept, if not for long.

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—*Henry Grossman*

**"A glorification of the performing arts and the advantages of their audiences"—Kennedy Center pictured by night during fireworks display as part of "gala" preview on May 27, 1971.**

# COUNTDOWN FOR KENNEDY

by IRVING KOLODIN

Even when Ethel Lynn Beers gave it literary currency for the first time in a poem published by *Harper's* in the November 30, 1861, issue, "All's Quiet on the Potomac" was a phrase tinged by irony. There can hardly have been a time since then when the words were used other than humorously. Traditionally, the dividing line between North and South, home of the Yeas and Nays, Republicans and Democrats, liberals and conservatives (lately fragmented into a newer category of "radical conservatives"), Washington has as long been celebrated for contrary points of view as it has been known as a citadel of provincialism in the performing arts, lacking a concert hall or opera theater befitting the capital of the world's richest nation. Now that it is on the verge of having both, dissension reigns supreme and joy is far from unconfined.

What price benefaction? Generally speaking, it has been obloquy compounded by contumely. When the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts celebrates its long-awaited opening with the greatest governmental gala of the generation on September 8, it will become one more monument to the fate that awaits doers in a world of non-doers. (The creators of Lincoln Center will need no reminder of this.) The first Metropolitan Opera House in New York was deplored at its opening in 1883 as a costly monstrosity, only to be mourned at its passing in 1966 as an irreplaceable shrine of the art. One architect of the Vienna Opera committed suicide in 1868 because of the public outcry against his design, and another died only two months later of assorted griefs. When the building was reconstructed after being bombed out in 1945, Vienna would not have it otherwise than exactly as designed by its two martyrs.

What else other than contention could be expected in a field dominated by paradox and contradiction, by a La Scala without steps and a Covent Garden lacking either convent or garden? New York's Carnegie Hall was generally considered too far "uptown" and inordinately large when it was opened in the Nineties, the center of music then being on Fourteenth Street. Eighty years later, when New York's center of music had marched uptown beyond 57th Street, the quantity of seats in Carnegie Hall is one of its major assets in a city of New York's size.

The clear fact then is that the contemporary view of any sizable construction is apt to be a dim one in


**37 Countdown for Kennedy** by Irving Kolodin

FILM

**40 The Treasure of L'Enfant Plaza** by Arthur Knight

**50 Bergman in English** by Roland Gelatt

JAZZ

**42 Mingus on Mingus** by Burt Korall

**43 The Funeral of Louis Armstrong** by Willis Conover

RECORDINGS

**44 Recordings in Review** by the Editor

**46 Recordings Reports: Miscellaneous LPs**

**48 Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs** by Stanley Dance

**52 Recording the Beethoven Sketchbooks** by Thomas Heinitz

POP

**47 The Journalists of Rock** by Ellen Sander

AUDIO

**49 The ABCs of the Spec Sheet** by Ivan Berger

**53 Letters to the MultiMedia Editor**




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terms of its long-range future. In the opinion of some, the Kennedy Center is too far from someplace, and too near to some other place, for ideal town planning. It abuts too many roadways on one front and hangs too far over another on the other to please a second faction, whose immediate complaint, in different circumstances, might well be that it is inaccessible. Still others, jealous of its proximity to such magnificent monuments as the Lincoln and Jefferson memorials, complain that it is bigger than both combined. They do not mention that each of the older constructions is a classic, templed mausoleum to the memory of a man, whereas the Kennedy Center is a glorification of the performing arts, and the advantages of their audience, in which the living bodies of music and theater, opera and dance, will be celebrated and renewed, perhaps even reborn and regenerated.

Least of all is it considered that the center, in its conception, had nothing to do either with a Kennedy or a Democratic dynasty, that it was born and took its first halting steps to fulfillment under the patronage of Dwight D. Eisenhower. This makes it almost as long in the building as its celebrated counterpart in Sydney, Australia. It is much, much more venerable in heredity, for many presidents have talked of Washington's need for such a facility, and a Congress of the Eighties gave consent to the establishment of a national conservatory and, presumably, a home to house it. Antonin Dvořák made his famous journey of 1892-95 to the "New World" to write his celebrated symphony of that title, and to head the conservatory (based in New York), but no public money was ever forthcoming for a Washington home, nor was private impulse marshaled in sufficient measure to overcome legislative inertia.

The first truly productive public action dates to September 2, 1958, when an act establishing a National Cultural Center was signed by President Eisenhower. Nothing much that was public happened in the two remaining years of his second term. A Potomac-side site was provided from government land available to Congress, and L. Corrin Strong, onetime Ambassador to Norway and heir to a family share in the Eastman Kodak enterprises in Rochester, N.Y. was appointed chairman. Its nominal head was Arthur S. Flemming, whose Department of Health, Education, and Welfare scouts conducted soundings on the use of such a center among many journalists of the arts, including myself. Money-raising was slow, but enough was acquired to commission the rendering of a design by Edward Durell Stone. Characterized by some as Stone's "Sydney plan," it featured a circular rotunda with radiating corridors to several halls and a price of hundreds of millions.

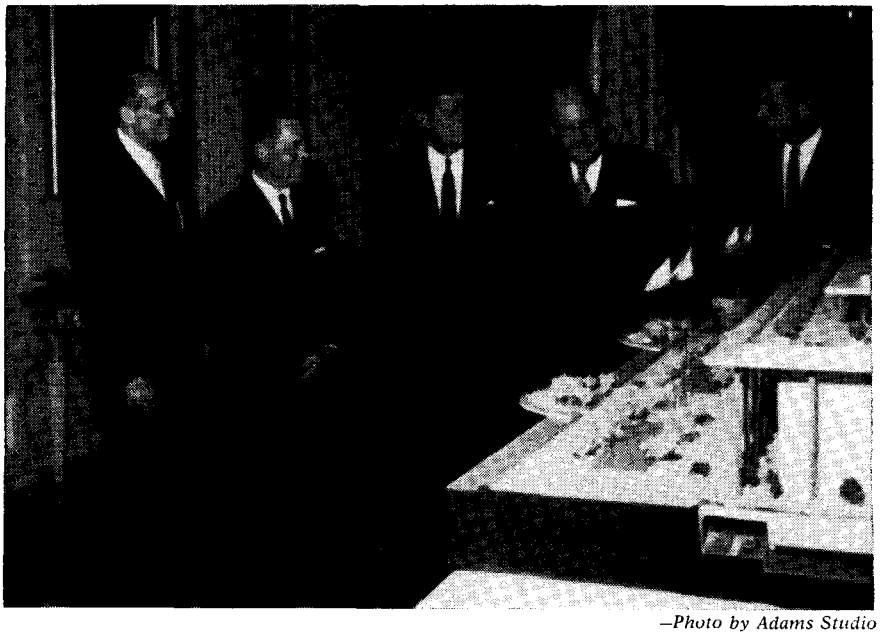
The true line of connection to the ultimate outcome may be dated to November 1961, when, in his first year as President, John F. Kennedy directed Roger L. Stevens, present chairman of the center, to get the project off the ground. In a remarkable act of cooperation, Stevens recalls, his outgoing predecessor, Strong, greeted him by saying, "I don't want to leave you a bankrupt organization" and was, in Stevens's words, "nice enough to give us five hundred thousand dollars for overhead and administration." Strong died before the project with which he was originally identified inched up to its present position on the launch pad, but his status as the center's second largest individual donor (surpassed only by the Ford Foundation) is perpetuated by the presence of his son, Henry Strong, on the board of trustees.

With the blessing and active interest of Kennedy (and the invaluable assistance of a committee headed by Ernest R. Breech), Stevens amassed contributions of nearly $15-million from foundations, corporations, and individual donors. In this case, however, no governmental money had been designated for administrative expenses, studies, or other on going costs, resulting in a steady attrition of resources. The fact is that there might have been prolonged attrition, less Congressional participation, and indefinite procrastination had there not been the grim happening of November 22, 1963, in Dallas.

Spurred, perhaps, by memory of the apathy that dulled the campaign for a memorial to the late Dag Hammarskjöld when a "decent" interval was allowed to intervene before fund-raising began, Stevens put the issue to a Joint Committee of the House and the Senate on Public Works only a few days later. The outcome was the designation of the center as the official memorial to JFK, and the voting of $15-million as a matching grant for public subscription.

On January 23, 1964, President Lyndon B. Johnson certified the National Cultural Center as the sole, official memorial in Washington to John F. Kennedy. Congressional action since then, with the endorsement of President Nixon, and the raising of matching funds under the tireless initiative of Stevens, have brought the total underwriting for construction (plus several millions more for "incidentals") to $65-million.

What has been purchased for that sizable amount? In the very first place, a structure that Kennedy defined in detail, however unintentionally, as his own memorial. When pros and cons on one form or another of the Cultural Center—including Stone's first grandiose plan — were rampant, Stevens quotes Kennedy as having said: "I want three halls that are artistically perfect, for both the performers and the audience. In the nation's capital, this is as it should be; not halls designed for size or for largeness alone. I would like to see them alongside each other, so they would save us a lot of money in the operations of the buildings." From the operational point of view, says Stevens—a practical theater man among other attributes—it was desirable to have them under the same



*—Photo by Adams Studio*

**Roger L. Stevens (left), Ernest R. Breech, and Edgar M. Bronfman (extreme right) join President John F. Kennedy and Edward Durell Stone at the first viewing of a model of the National Cultural Center, in the White House. The date was October 8, 1963.**



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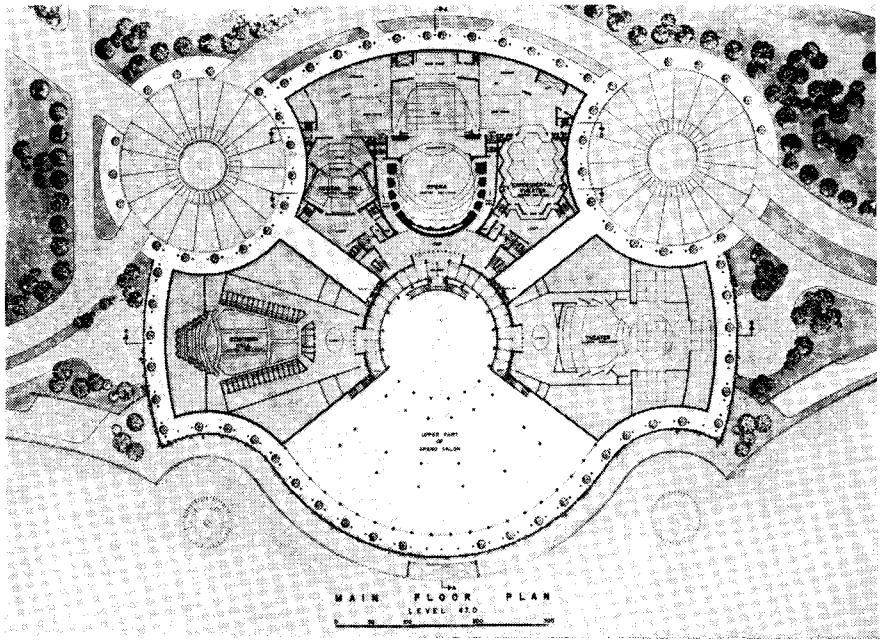
roof. Given the directive, Stone's mind went in the direction of a form defined by the classic rectangle.

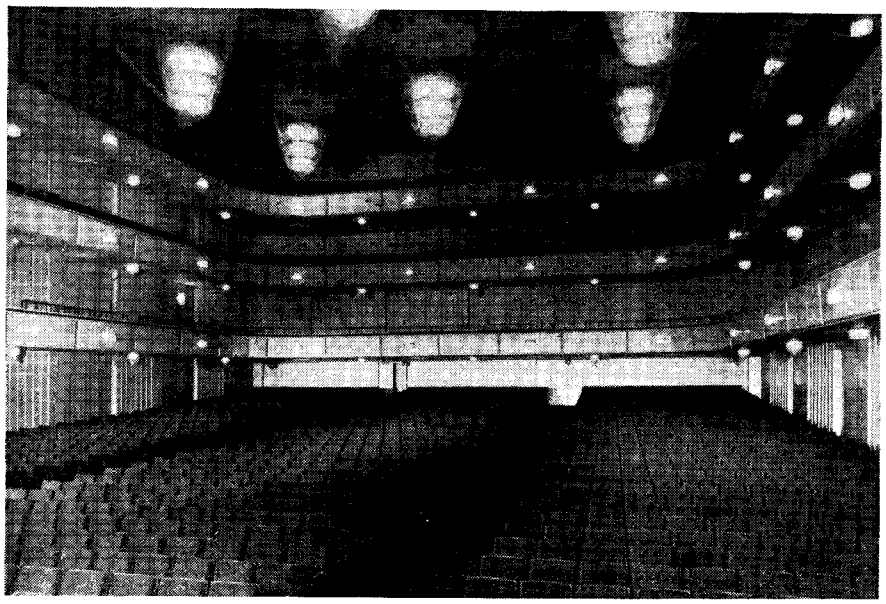
As to the final site, this too was a decision in which Kennedy was a personal participant. "If I talked to him once, I talked to him five times," says Stevens, about other options, including the argument of William Walton, head of Washington's Fine Arts Commission (and a close Kennedy friend), that the proper site would be Pennsylvania Avenue. In the moment of finality, it was Kennedy's decision: "Let's stay where we are."

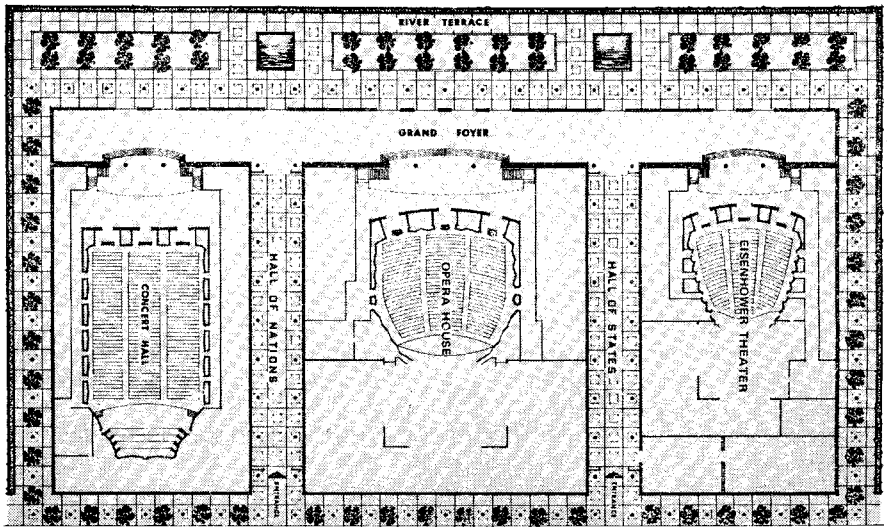
"Where we are," as of the early Sixties, was a somewhat different environment than "where we are" as the countdown for the September 8 launch begins. There were, then, no Watergate Apartments or Hotel, no "spaghetti of roads" or other encroachments that might have been prevented by a more vigilant Congress. Rather than a belt of green and silence befitting the central focus on performances of a new large-scale work of Leonard Bernstein, the world premiere of Alberto Ginastera's *Beatrix Cenci*, and the installation of the American Ballet Theatre as the center's resident dance group with Alvin Ailey's treatment of Duke Ellington's *The River*, the town crowds in. On the spacious riverfront, looking across to the Virginia side, all is indeed quiet on this edge of the Potomac, though overhead planes drone in a never-ending ascension from the take-off runways of nearby National Airport.

For Washingtonians and all Americans who become Washingtonians for a day or a week, Kennedy's vision of three halls has become a superbly colorful reality. No complaints have been heard about the elegant concert hall, with its neo-Symphony Hall, neo-neo-Leipzig Gewandhaus conformations, save from those who profess to mourn the National Symphony's removal from the larger (3,811-seat), awkward, acoustically frigid Constitution Hall to the warmer, smaller (2,759-seat) surroundings. The stage of the Opera Theater matches the specifications of the nation's largest (the Lincoln Center Met), meaning that the Met's productions or those of La Scala, Vienna, etc., could be accommodated upon it. But, without monumental subsidy, such attractions, or the touring Bolshoi or Royal Ballets, are ruled out, because the "small" total of 2,300 seats forbids adequate income, save at prohibitive prices. Professionals of all stripes, myself included, have denounced the shortsightedness embodied in this tight design. The counter-contention is that Washington does not have the year 'round audience to support an opera house seating

(*Continued on page* 51)






**Plans for the three halls as projected (top) in the first Edward Durell Stone and (bottom) as arranged through the Kennedy directive. Middle—"no complaints have been heard about the elegant concert hall."**



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**"Comfortable, mushroom-like stools . . . invite one to stay on and chat about the movie"—Critic Joseph Gelmis is shown conducting such a discussion amid displays from the "Fifty Years of Swedish Cinema" show.**

FILM

# THE TREASURE OF L'ENFANT PLAZA

by ARTHUR KNIGHT

One of the richest but least known cultural resources of Washington, D.C., is a small moviehouse in a subbasement of a vast shopping and office complex called L'Enfant Plaza. L'Enfant Plaza is a dun-colored concrete and glass high-rise that, when completed, will encase some 150,000 shopkeepers and office workers a day, plus customers, clients, and whatever weary travelers may choose to stay in the luxury hotel being built as part of the complex. It would seem to be an ideal place for a movie theater, but it isn't. When the theater of L'Enfant Plaza first opened as a commercial house, it promptly went broke, then remained dark for ten months until it reopened in September 1970, under the aegis of the American Film Institute. Even now, despite some of the most imaginative and provocative programming in the United States, the American Film Institute Theatre plays to an average of only 300 patrons a night in its 800-seat hall.

One of the troubles, as its managing director, Michael Webb, is prompt to point out, is the fact that the entire complex is located, as it were, on the wrong side of the tracks. Begun some years ago as part of a slum clearance and urban renewal program for southwest Washington, L'Enfant Plaza was originally to be connected to the rest of the city by a mall on 10th Street, hard by the Washington Monument. Not only did the mall fail to materialize, but a freeway was put through that in effect cut the Plaza off from its immediate residential neighbors. An Army installation that straddles the main approach to the Plaza makes it even less inviting. Small, almost obscure signs are the only kind permitted by the architects, so the ramps leading down to the AFI Theatre are quite difficult to spot. And once the daytime crunch is over, the area is not popular with taxicab drivers.

The Film Institute people were well aware of these deficiencies when invited to take over and operate the Plaza's theater just about two years ago. On the other hand, for almost a year they had been putting on special screenings in the National Gallery's 300-seat auditorium, and the public's enthusiasm for these programs quickly exceeded that museum's capacity. From a single showing once a month they soon progressed to two showings of each program, then to two showings of two different programs each month. While still at the National Gallery, the AFI had instituted a highly successful membership drive to support its screenings, and a larger facility was clearly in order. At least in its physical accouterments, the L'Enfant Plaza site seemed ideal.

The theater itself, once you have found it, is quite charming, its two-story wood and white plaster lobby festooned with balloons and strung with clear incandescent light bulbs. A solid bank of old movie posters decorates one wall, while a huge pop-art mural of old movie stars—Dietrich, Keaton, Chaney, Toshiro Mifune—is on the other. Comfortable, mushroom-like stools, topped by purple cushions, invite one to stay on and chat about the movie, not infrequently with the filmmaker himself. The auditorium is reminiscent of the basement theater in New York's Museum of Modern Art, although with oyster-colored walls and purple chairs. The screen—as at the museum—is adaptable for any aspect ratio from the old "postage stamp" screen to the latest 70-mm spectacular. And, as at the museum, a piano provides the accompaniment for the silent films that are frequently shown there.

The programs, which are changed daily, generally are set up as extended cycles that explore either a single theme or the work of a single film personality (although two recent series have presented a historical survey of characteristic products from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Columbia Pictures). The theater's management, however, is unabashedly *auteur*-oriented: The Columbia series, Part I, which ended on July 15, was kicked off by no fewer than six Frank Capra films, and might just as easily have been entitled as *A Tribute to Frank Capra* as *A Tribute to Columbia*—particularly since the program notes include the somewhat debatable information that



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his "*It Happened One Night* marked the establishment of Columbia as a major studio." Similarly, the theater's inaugural series, September 18 to October 24, 1970, provided a valuable cross section of world cinema, but of its forty-eight programs, thirty were devoted to the works of John Ford (some of them double-featured).

This is not said to derogate the efforts of AFI's hard-working and dedicated Michael Webb, who came to the institute by way of London's prestigious National Cinema Theatre. Washington has never been a notable movie town, and Webb could have made his task considerably easier (and his operation perhaps a bit more lucrative) by concentrating on stars instead of directors. Even so, sell-out nights were achieved when he brought in such *auteurs* as Jerry Lewis, Rouben Mamulian, Miloš Forman, and Roberto Rossellini to talk about their own works and their own approaches to the medium. Robert Radnitz, the *auteur* producer of *A Dog of Flanders*, *Island of the Blue Dolphins*, and *And Now, Miguel*, introduced his *My Side of the Mountain* at the AFI Theatre in association with last year's White House Conference on Children. Never before has Washington had a center where film-makers could meet their audiences (and vice versa), and this in itself marks a notable contribution from the institute.

From the standpoint of inventive programing, however, Webb's best efforts have been in the direction of bringing together a wide range of films under a single, provocative heading. Because he operates a membership society—and because, for one reason or another, most studios and distributors have declared their allegiance to the goals of the Film Institute—he can draw freely on titles that would not ordinarily be available to most operators of commercial theaters. And, indeed, one purpose of the Film Institute's theater in Washington is to create programs that might serve as models for educational institutions and film society chairmen all over the country. (The institute's headquarters—1815 H St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20006—is prepared to offer programing and booking information to interested educators and film society personnel.)

A good example of this sort of thing is the group of films that Webb assembled last April under the title of *Hard Sell, Soft Sell*, an examination of the propaganda potentials of the medium. It included a number of Hollywood movies—the incipient native fascism of *The President Vanishes* (1934), the wartime heroics of *Air Force* (1943), Stanley Kubrick's pacifist *Paths of Glory* (1958). But there were also *Ice*, a chilling New Left vision of class warfare in the not-too-distant future; *Hour of the Furnaces*, a vast and rumbling Argentinean indictment of colonial exploitation policies; a program of the United States Information Agency's pictures, and another compiled from TV political commercials, 1952 to 1970. Eisenstein's classic *Strike* and Pudovkin's *Storm over Asia* made up one program; Warner Brothers' *Mission to Moscow* and *Red Nightmare* another. On a third was Emile de Antonio's "political comedy" *Millhouse*, a decidedly unflattering account of the political life and times of Richard Milhous Nixon. De Antonio introduced the film to an overflow house.

The inclusion of such films as *Ice*, *Hour of the Furnaces*, and *Millhouse* in the programs of the American Film Institute Theatre, which is at least in part supported by funding from the federal government, is an indication of why it has become a unique and indispensable part of Washington's cultural life. These are pictures that do not play in commercial houses. Nor do the USIA documentaries, the political commercials, or the thought-provoking shorts of Charles Eames (which also drew a packed house, with Eames in attendance). Nor do commercial theaters play host to a National Student Film Festival (May 7-8), with selections chosen by a jury that included Ed Emshwiller, Miloš Forman, Jan Kadar, Sidney Lumet, Martin Scorsese, and Peter Yates. Nor would a commercial house be apt to interrupt a series of comedies to introduce world premieres of such varied fare as *Fortune and Men's Eyes* and the TV semidocumentary feature *The Wright Brothers*. It is significant that both M-G-M and NET have selected the Film Institute's theater for previews of their new productions. It is also significant that many of Washington's more culturally aware personnel, such as members of the National Endowment of the Arts, have become supporters of the American Film Institute Theatre.

At this point, membership hovers about the 6,000 point. Membership costs $10 a year ($5 for students), plus $1.25 for admission to each program, $1.75 for members' guests. About fifty people have availed themselves of the $100 membership, which admits them free to every showing—and, according to Michael Webb, they avail themselves of this privilege almost every night. Even so, and with films obtained free of charge from the distributors, the theater is operating in the red to the tune of between $90,000 and $100,000 per year. The membership, no matter how enthusiastic, has not yet reached a figure that can make the operation self-sustaining. And if it did, according to Webb, the theater might have to cut back on its programing, possibly running each film for two or even three nights, in order to accommodate everybody.

Meanwhile, the Film Institute has been invited to move its *locus operandi* from L'Enfant Plaza to the new John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Two spaces were shown to its board of directors when they had their meeting in Washington at the end of June—one a partially built amphitheater that seemed ideal for Sonja Henie's ice shows; the other a large and versatile open space above the already constructed opera house that would allow for as many as three intimate auditoriums and ample office space for the institute's other activities nearby. Although no commitment has been made (the cost of parking in the center would seem to be a major consideration), the board was in unanimous agreement that the enhanced visibility of the institute at the center would be an asset, and it was also felt that the institute could produce a multi-media orientation film that would introduce the inevitable tourists not only to Washington but to the Film Institute as well. But whether the L'Enfant Plaza theater continues or proves to be merely a prelude to concentrated activity at the Kennedy Center, one thing is incontestable. The American Film Institute Theatre has brought the idea of a repertory cinema to Washington—and, hopefully, it has set a pattern that can expand throughout the nation.

**"The Columbia series, Part I, was kicked off by no fewer than six Frank Capra films." At right, a still from his first film for Columbia, "That Certain Thing" (1928); at left, Barbara Stanwyck in "The Miracle Woman" (1931).**



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JAZZ

# MINGUS ON MINGUS

by BURT KORALL

Charles Mingus began putting his thoughts, feelings, and problems on paper twenty-five years ago. By giving them concrete form, he felt he would be better able to understand and evaluate and deal with them. It was his hope that this process would indicate the best turnings in what, for him, was an increasingly paradoxical maze. Life never has been simple for Mingus. His being a black man and jazz musician has compounded the problems.

The forty-nine-year-old virtuoso bassist's, composer's, and group leader's manuscript grew weighty and thick. Roughly a decade ago, he began talking about getting it out in book form. Now, after several false starts and difficulties with publishing houses about content, considerable shaping and tightening—by editor Nel King—*Beneath the Underdog* (Alfred A. Knopf, $6.95) has become available.

Long a subject of speculation in the music community, the book is a mixed grill, somewhat autobiographical in structure, of Mingus's experiences and views, feelings and insights, hopes and pretenses, and what seems to border on sheer fantasy.

The book opens with Mingus in a psychotherapy session. He is deeply troubled—notably about himself in relation to life's realities and other people. Race is central to his problems. The curious insensitivity of most people to the arts, particularly black art, gnaws at him.

Thus, we get our first view of the author. What follows is a shaped outpouring, much of it in the third person, sometimes flawed by overstatement and overwhelming self-concern. The picture drawn is that of a creative black man—turning on a spit, cooking in his own juice over a fire provided by the so-called Establishment.

We learn Mingus is the only boy in a family of girls. A sensitive if ungainly child, he seeks peace in a youngster's world where there are only war and competition. For sheer survival, he learns judo to defend himself against those who taunt him. Girls are discovered and savored. Music comes into his life and leaves an indelible mark. Though his first teachers are inadequate and exploit his ignorance with their own, he finds the road, through friends, to those who can structure and enhance his innate talent.

Mingus's family life, like that which he encounters outside the home, is puzzling and sometimes hurting. The sisters love him. Though warming at times, the father keeps the young boy off balance with pendulum-like attitudes and harsh discipline. The stepmother has her own hangups that impinge upon her son.

Then, there's the ever-present race thing, an open wound always festering. Even within his peer group, Mingus is considered something of a mongrel—not light enough to belong with the "almost white elite," not dark enough to be with the "beautiful blacks." Acceptance is elusive.

Music provides a center for Mingus. It answers the pressing need to accomplish, to move inside himself and reach others. That desperate ache to be somebody and himself, "Me, Mingus!" Talking early on to trombonist Britt Woodman, a close friend, he excitedly declares: "When I start really learning to play, people will see me big, with a big bass, but when I want it they'll hear a viola, my magic viola that plays high as a violin and low as a bass and gets rid of all the muddling overtones and produces a *pizzicato* sound with the clarity of Segovia."

Mingus's love for music, as is the case with most dedicated artists, is obsessive, almost tangible. It is this aspect of Mingus and his book that grabs and holds you and allows for understanding of the more excessive facets of the man. He loves to learn, to hear, to open himself to experience.

But within the jazz context, the idealism motivated by the music is tainted. The circumstances in which jazz is played, the situation for black artists, have their effect. What Mingus envisions for himself and what he experiences have little in common. Dank clubs, prejudicial and exploitive businessmen, a demimonde inhabited by pimps, ladies of the evening, and hoods are hardly inspirational in character.

From a highly sensitive and voraciously curious youngster, he turns into a hostile, prototypal angry man, who lets people have it from bandstands, in magazines, wherever and whenever he feels things are wrong. And that is quite often.

The book makes this clear, declaring his case, if not well, with little inhibition. The lack of inhibition extends to many an arid stretch devoted to Mingus's exploits with the ladies. They fill the landscape and are contrapuntal to the basic thrust of his story. Sex constantly is with us, down to the last detail. The hyperactive Mingus descriptions approximate a sex manual in content and the preening of a schoolboy in manner.

It would have been preferable if Mingus had concentrated on music, its makers and the business—about which he has a depth of specialized knowledge. Though he can get a bit carried away, the scenes with musicians in the book have about them a distinct, informing, almost visual character.

Particularly memorable and true to form, if you know anything about Duke Ellington, is the firing of Mingus by the distinguished band leader after an incident at the Apollo in New York's Harlem. "The charming way he says it, it's like paying you a compliment," Mingus reports. "Feeling honored, you shake hands and resign."

Mingus writes colorfully with a sense of the spasm and flow of life. He can be gentle. He can be brutal. Vibraphonist Red Norvo, a former Mingus employer, referred to in the book without his name being specified, is bloodily impaled on Mingus's verbal lance for succumbing to racist pressure: using another bassist on a TV show, then giving no explanation for this action. Perhaps Mingus is right. Others contend Red doesn't deserve this.

Critics are raked over the coals for different reasons. They don't listen, the author despairs; moreover, they don't understand. A special scene is developed in the book to put them in their place. This sets up still another paradox. If the critics are so unbearably incompetent, why are they given space, courted, and, for all their failings, obviously read, even by Mingus?

Corruption, the stink is ever with us; it's a fact, as is fear. The traitorous and dishonest far outnumber the good and straight among us. Mingus feels these things deeply and makes the situation so real that the words jump off the page. A highly moral man in his way, with an all-powerful faith in God, he finds redemption in music. It challenges and keeps him from the ultra-lower depths of depression and the option—junk—turned to by many of his colleagues in the beleaguered bebop years and thereafter. Mingus is a man to respect, even if you don't always dig his methods.

Following him from childhood to the confrontations of adult life, through a thicket of experience, we locate a man on the prowl for himself, engaged in a constant search for and clarification of that light at the end of the tunnel. If you're interested in the life and times of a great jazz musician, the trials of a human being endeavoring to come up whole, this book—for all its failings—is a decent beginning. But the Mingus story is best told through his music.



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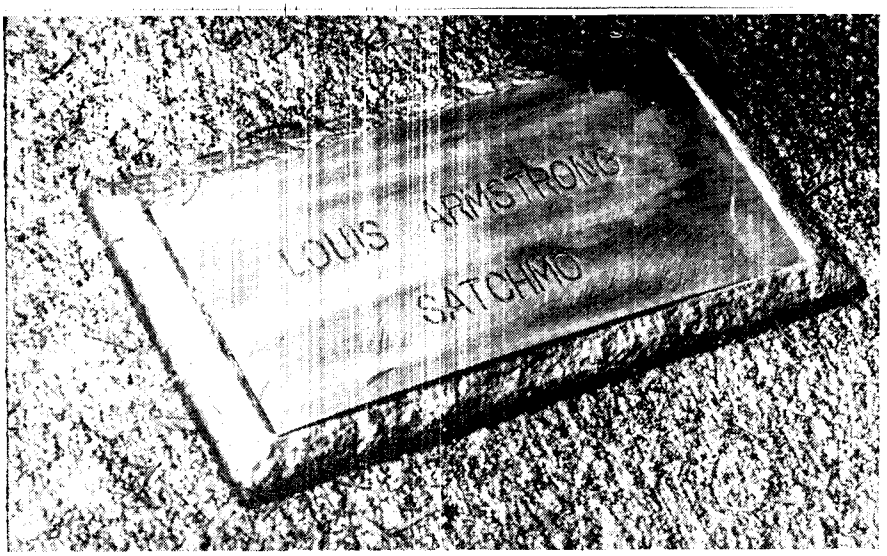
JAZZ

# THE FUNERAL OF LOUIS ARMSTRONG

by WILLIS CONOVER




—Ivan Massar, Black Star

It was unreal from start to finish. Although he'd been ill, he was home again and getting better, even playing a gig or two. But the headlines said DEAD AT 71. TV showed it and radio told it to the world, as much a major story as the deaths of the Kennedys and Dr. King.

Some blacks had called Armstrong "the white man's favorite Negro." Yet the lines around the corner and down the street, the tens of thousands coming all day to pass the open casket, were predominantly black. His left hand held a handkerchief, a showman's touch that Louis would have liked.

The worn spot on his upper lip was smoother now and still. That spot had moved against the mouthpiece of his trumpet. There, that spot on his lip—that's where it all came from, the sound that changed music around the world. Look at it for the last time and remember you saw it.

He was wealthy. A townhouse, a swimming pool, a guard at the gate? No; a modest house you'd never notice and wouldn't find unless you knew the number and the street in Corona, Queens, New York, or saw the rubber mat at the doorstep marked "The Armstrongs." Today black limousines were parked outside. American flags hung half-mast from all the houses. Louis had been a friend, helping the neighbors raise their children and then their grandchildren.

The tiny church was as hot as a summer afternoon in New Orleans, and soon the TV lights, for Telstar, would make it even hotter. It wasn't New Orleans, though. No bands, parades, or jazz. A quiet organ played, as Louis had said he wanted. You had to have a ticket to get in.

You couldn't help noting the famous faces. Under a blazing sun outside the church thousands cheered when Mayor John Lindsay arrived. (Afterwards, they cheered Moms Mabley.) Lindsay brought New Orleans Mayor Moon Landrieu; they were joined by Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller. Father Norman O'Connor sat with Lutheran Pastor John Gensel. Dizzy Gillespie sat with Guy Lombardo. Catherine Basie was there, and Edward Kennedy Ellington II and Mrs. Edmond Hall and Lil Hardin Armstrong. Arvell Shaw, Tyree Glenn, Joe Muranyi, and Marty Napoleon. David Frost and Dick Cavett. George Avakian, George Wein, and Nesuhi Ertegun. Ella Fitzgerald, Harold Arlen, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Ornette Coleman, Zutty Singleton, Wild Bill Davison, Jonah Jones, Lee Castle, Milt Hinton, Jimmy McPartland, Marian McPartland. Emissaries from the White House, State Department, the Voice of America. They weren't celebrities at all, they were simply friends of Louis's.

Cy Coleman went to the piano to accompany the singers. Peggy Lee, always best prepared, lights and mikes always rehearsed and ready, began softly singing "The Lord's Prayer" at the altar, noticed the microphone wasn't amplified, but continued anyway in the near-whisper she had chosen as appropriate. Blind singer Albert Hibbler, guided by tenor saxophonist Walter "Foots" Thomas, sang "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and a slow, quiet, out-of-tempo "When the Saints Go Marching In."

Broadcasters Billy Taylor and Fred Robbins were subdued and dignified in the pulpit, Taylor's voice breaking with emotion once, Robbins, in a moving eulogy, directing a friendly warning heavenward: "Move over, Gabriel. Here comes Satchmo."

The casket was covered with red roses and a small red sash with the words "My Darling." It was borne slowly up the center aisle, out of the church, down the steps, into the hearse, and away to the cemetery.

None of it was real. Not "I can't believe it!"; it was literally unbelievable. Louis Armstrong's voice, his music, his presence, were and are too alive. He just doesn't stop playing, singing, smiling, swinging. Giving a show, that's all; only incidentally, and to his surprise, becoming an artist, a giant, a legend, a beloved and beautiful man.

—Dennis Brack, Black Star

—Ivan Massar, Black Star

**Two of the mourners, known and unknown.**



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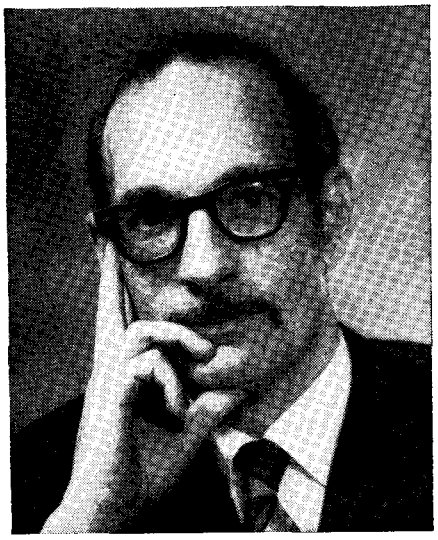
# Recordings in Review



George Crumb — "unconventional, altogether imaginative treatments."

## George Crumb and Lorca's "Ancient Voices of Children"

CRUMB: *Ancient Voices of Children. Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Michael Dash, boy soprano; with Arthur Weisberg conducting, George Haas, oboe and harmonica; Stephen Bell, mandolin; Susan Jolles, harp; Gilbert Kalish, electric piano and toy piano; Raymond DesRoches, Richard Fitz, Howard Van Hyning, percussion; and Jacob Glick, musical saw.* Nonesuch stereo, H-71255, $2.98.

GEORGE CRUMB was, for even the music lovers among his fellow countrymen, just another musician well enough educated to be counted as a composer, until the awarding of the Pulitzer Prize in 1968 for his *Echoes of Time and the River* lifted him out of the ranks and promoted him to the front file. These unconventional, altogether imaginative treatments of words by Federico García Lorca are not only testimonial to Crumb's uncommon gifts but a compliment to those who directed attention to them.

The impulse to describe them as "treatments," rather than settings, derives from the works themselves. Crumb has said of his intentions: "I have sought musical images that enhance and reinforce the powerful, yet strangely haunting imagery of Lorca's poetry. I feel that the essential meaning of this poetry is concerned with the most primitive things: life, death, love, the smell of the earth, the sounds of the wind and the sea." To this end, Crumb has utilized his instrumental ensemble not so much to accompany, but to participate in the projection of mood and meaning.

In all cases, the words are not so much sung as articulated, expostulated, and aggrandized by Miss DeGaetani and her able associate. She is, of course, celebrated for a vocal resource as varied as it is well controlled. This means that, in the absence of a score (or of a text more closely related to its treatment than the words inscribed on the front of the jacket), it is sometimes difficult to know whether it is her voice being heard or that of the boy soprano. Not that this matters in the outcome; what matters are the imagery, power, and, above all, magnetism with which Crumb has cast his tonal net over the listener.

Taken together, the spell is, in large part, woven of elements suggestive of Mahler: the *Kindertotenlieder* for a basic kind of kinship, *Das Lied von der Erde* for the highly sensitized utilization of individual sounds — woodwind, percussion, harp, and, of course, mandolin (a singularly Mahleresque adaptation to formal musical composition). Mahler didn't know, and hence didn't use, either the electric or the toy piano (the last-named sounds like a muted celesta); yet it is probable that he would have approved Crumb's usage of them.

The engineering is highly suitable to the very specific needs of the scoring, and the assistance of the Ford Foundation Recording-Publication Program in perpetuating this Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation commission aptly spreads credit for a well-conceived benefaction between two sponsors.

## Applause, Horowitz, And Rachmaninoff

RACHMANINOFF: *Sonata in B-flat minor (Op. 36); Prelude in G-sharp minor (Op. 32); Moment Musical in B minor (Op. 16); and Etudes-Tableaux in E-flat minor and C major (Op. 33) and D major (Op. 39). Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* Columbia stereo, M 30464, $5.98.

OF ALL the interpreters of the works of Sergei Rachmaninoff who have paid their tributes live and in recordings, Vladimir Horowitz remains the one, the only, the *ne plus ultra* in identification with the composer's idiom and purposes. This relates not only to the range and power of the equipment he brings to bear on the music—in so many ways akin to the creator's own—but also to a long association with Rachmaninoff that began in the late Twenties and endured until his death in 1943.

Out of these twin advantages, Horowitz has evolved an understanding and insight that, together with his innate taste and musical judgment, produce a result as much Sergei as it is Vladimir. To the sometimes encumbering complexities of the Sonata, as well as in the simpler patterns of the shorter pieces, Horowitz brings a knowledge of pace, contrast, emphasis, and tonal balance few others understand.

So great is Horowitz's ability to maximize the appeal of Rachmaninoff's music that it sometimes enables him to mesmerize the audience as well. How else to explain the frenzied applause that greeted the playing of the Sonata, a decidedly weak work, at one of his "live" recitals during 1968, or its echo in response to the last of the shorter pieces, the D-major *Etude-Tableau* (Op. 39) at a similar function probably in 1967? Pure virtuosity might be one person's explanation, but these moody, introspective pieces do not invite, nor do they receive, the kind of flamboyance that might turn a Liszt Rhapsody into a surging show piece. My personal inclination is to the belief that, out of his knowledge and understanding of Rachmaninoff's idiom, Horowitz makes them sound not merely moody and introspective but profound, even when there is no profundity in them. He thus stands convicted of that heinous crime, making music sound better than it is. Sentence: One season of playing Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* (Op. 106) in public, followed—in case of a repetition of the offense—by his *Diabelli* Variations.

## Two Sides of Luciano Berio

BERIO: *Epifanie; *Folk Songs. Luciano Berio conducting the BBC Symphony Orchestra and *Juilliard Ensemble; with Cathy Berberian, soprano.* RCA stereo, LSC 3189, $5.98.

ANYONE DISPOSED to wonder which side of this disc represents the "real" Luciano Berio—the intellectualized, abstract *Epifanie* or the eloquently subjective Folk Songs—will have to reckon, I think, with the answer: "Both." For, if anything may be stated as axiomatic in these unpredictable times, it is that few creators feel themselves totally, irrevocably drawn to one idiom or mode of expression, especially in music.

What interrelates these two expres-



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sions and underlies the possibility of regarding both as representative of a "real" Berio is that, different as they are in idiom, each embodies a basically lyric impulse. It is far more conspicuous, easier to perceive, in the song settings, which range from John Jacob Niles's "I Wonder as I Wander" to a product of Azerbaijan. Each one is given its own tonal garb, tastefully, charmingly suitable to its inherent character. If, from time to time, the results suggest something akin to Joseph Canteloube's *Chant d'Auvergne*, the reasons are not too mysterious: Two of the songs—"Malurous qu'o uno fenno" and the fascinating "Lo Fiolairé"—are taken from that source, and the treatment in others of flute, viola, harp, etc., is clearly tinged with *essence de Canteloube.*

Overside, Berio is dallying with the kind of thinking that combines vocal settings with instrumental writing and then decrees that the five songs may be performed alone, likewise the seven instrumental episodes. The texts by Marcel Proust *(L'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs)*, Antonio Machado *(Nuevas Canciones)*, James Joyce *(Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses)*, Edoardo Sanguineti *(Triperuno)*, Claude Simon *(La Route des Flandres)*, and Bertolt Brecht *(An die Nachgeborenen)* have an inherent philosophic relationship, which, according to Berio, can be altered by the performer's placement of them in a sequence of individual preference.

As performed by Miss Berberian with thorough insight as well as a full command of her exceptional range, the texts project only the most shadowy of relationships. The blame is neither hers nor Berio's but RCA's for limiting penetration of the composer's purpose to a few paragraphs of prose synopsis. These offered by Paul Moor are helpful as far as they go, but they don't go nearly far enough.

The literal-minded may complain that "Folk Songs" is a misleading title for the works on the B side, suggesting that Niles did not compose "I Wonder as I Wander" or that Berio borrowed "La Donna ideale" and "Il Ballo" from some Peninsular source (he wrote them). In a similar circumstance, Falla found such a title as "Suite Populaire" a formulation that also might have served Berio. A rehearing of *Epifanie* doesn't make it any more endearing than it was the first time, but the coupling does enable the advanced listener to sample the simple joys of the Folk Songs, while promoting the possibility that one who tires of so bland a diet might venture the more esoteric content of Side 1. All the reproduction is excellent, and Berio serves himself well as conductor.

## Kate and Petruchio According to Giannini

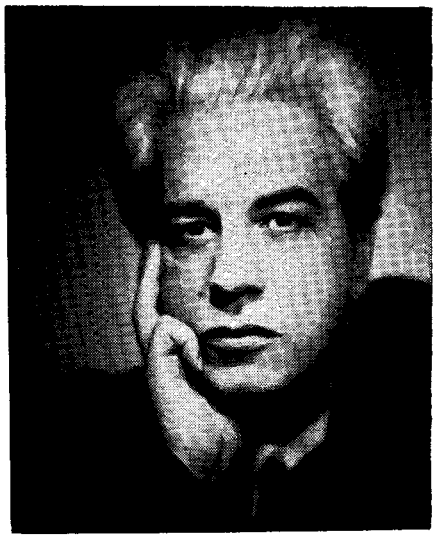
GIANNINI: *The Taming of the Shrew. The Kansas City Lyric Theater production directed by Russell Patterson; with Lowell Harris (Lucentio), David Holloway (Tranio), J. B. Davis (Baptista), Mary Jennings (Katharina), Catherine Christensen (Bianca), Robert Jones (Gremio), Walter Hook (Hortensio), Brian Steele (Biondello), Adair McGowen (Petruchio), Charles Weedman (Grumio), Stephen Knott (A Tailor), William Latimer (Curtis), William Powers (Vincentio), and Donald Nelson (An Actor).* CRI stereo, SD 272, $11.90.

BELATED though this album is and short, in many ways, of the best contemporary recorded standards, it is nevertheless in several respects an illuminating addition to the catalogue of American operas on discs. It will provide, for the first time, for many who have not experienced it in the theater, an opportunity to form their own opinion of a work that has been more talked about than performed since it was first given in 1953. It also affords an insight into the capacities and standards of a company remote from the cosmopolitan but not to be demeaned as provincial that regularly takes on challenges akin to this one of 1969.

A third encounter with the score (the prior ones were on television and at the New York City Center, both in the Fifties) sharpens the focus on two aspects of it: what had aroused interest and what had turned it off. The first, clearly enough, is the extent to which the late Giannini had mastered the opera composer's craft: his ability to control the movement of characters on and off the stage, his absolute assurance in the manipulation of balance between orchestra and vocalists, his shrewd sense of contrast and climax in suspending action on behalf of an aria or building a scene to a satisfying curtain. But, in the retrospect of this renewed acquaintance, it becomes ever clearer that in acquiring his mastery of classical means, Giannini had paid a severe price in becoming the servant of their idioms, as well. It is a fine commentary on his scholarship that he assessed *Falstaff* as the peerless example of how to frame comedy in music; it is a heavy burden on *The Taming of the Shrew* as a work of art that he became so imbued with admiration that it repeatedly has more the sound of Verdi than of Giannini.

For those not disturbed by such echoes and involvements (together with others of Wagner of *Die Meistersinger* and Strauss of *Der Rosenkavalier*), *The Taming of the Shrew* may please, even entertain, for its mating of musical means with dramatic matter. In company with his literary collaborator, Dorothy Fee, Giannini evolved an admirably concise and poetic summation of Shakespeare's comedy (bolstered here and there by excerpts from the sonnets and *Romeo*). He set it with the understanding and sympathy that made him so fine a song composer, and an occasional burst of lyric sentiment expectable of the man who wrote "Tell Me, O Blue Blue Sky." Giannini's shortcoming, if such it may be called, was that of aiming too high, of striving to write a *Falstaff* when his talents were not up to a *Gianni Schicchi*. It was as though Cole Porter, in his treatment of the same subject, had aimed for the involvement of Offenbach rather than for the best of what was inimitably his own.

So far as may be judged from an inept transcription of a not too good tape (CRI tends to make a speciality of both), conductor Patterson had a firm grip of the sometimes intricate score and had evolved a spirited, well-characterized likeness of both play and music. Catherine Christensen was cleverly cast as the sweet-sounding Bianca opposite Mary Jennings's acidulous Katharina, with Adair McGowen—not otherwise known to operatic fame—as an excellent embodiment of Petruchio. Lowell Harris as the ardent Lucentio, J. B. Davis as Baptista, and William Powers as Vincenzio gave quality of sound as well as dramatic credibility to the ensemble. The reproduction did not enhance any of the voices and tended to begrudge the orchestra its due in resonance and overtones. Neither a libretto nor the score (both available from Belwin-Mills Publishing Corp., New York) is provided with the records. They do, however present the work in its entirety. —I.K.



*—The Juilliard School*

**Vittorio Giannini—"mastered the opera composer's craft."**



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# Miscellaneous LPs

| Data | Report |
|---|---|
| **Debussy:** *La Mer.* **Ravel:** *Daphnis et Chloé* (Suite No. 2). **Berlioz:** "Danse de Sylphes." Leopold Stokowski conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London stereo, SPC-21059, $5.98; open reel, L-75059, $7.95; 8-track, M-95059, $6.95; cassette, M-94059, $6.95. | By the evidence of the London record jacket, this is among their "Phase 4" products. By the measure of its content, it belongs more to Phase 1 of recording literature, when almost any new recording of anything was welcome simply for a likeness to whatever content was involved. It was, in a sense, a period of anything goes, and what went was, more often enough than not, something conducted by Stokowski. Thus, there was more than a little music that was not only Russified but crucified on his cross of personal preference. Still present, and indeed aggrandized by the more acute reproduction, are the swells and ritards, the augmentations and elaborations that give an aspect of Rimsky-Korsakov to *La Mer* that Debussy would hardly appreciate, much less welcome. There is more than a little of the same in *Daphnis*: a thick wash of sonority to dim Ravel's delicate colors, overstressed climaxes, etc. The "Sylphs" fares relatively well. |
| **Mozart:** Sonatas in B (K. 281) and A minor (K. 310); D-minor Fantasia (K. 397); and Variations on "Salve tu, Domine" (Paisiello). Emil Gilels, piano. DGG stereo, 2530 061, $6.98. | A by-product of a recital given by Gilels at the Salzburg Mozarteum on January 28, 1971, this group of performances is more revelatory of the pianist's art than it is of the composer's expression. It is almost unfailingly absorbing for the subtle shades of tone quality and dynamics Gilels commands, his ability to contrast four notes in the same phrase through variations of pressure. Unquestionably, it is his intention, by this exercise of concern, to convey the magnitude of his esteem for Mozart, his love of the music he is performing. Now and then, in a slow movement especially, the beauty of the playing goes beyond praise; but, too often, it also goes beyond simple, heartfelt re-creation into the artificial, the overstated, the supersophisticated. As is too often the case, the commentary deals in depth with that which is already well documented—in this case, the music—and omits altogether anything about the instrument used or the surroundings. |
| **Reger:** *Der Einsiedler*; Requiem; "Responsorien"; "Geistliche Gesänge." Joachim Martini conducting the Junge Kantorei and Symphony Orchestra of Berlin; with Max von Egmond, baritone. Telefunken stereo, SLT-43114, $5.95. | Long experience, some sad, some glad, has conditioned the wary listener not to risk a reaction to works of Reger on any categorical basis. These, for example, draw upon the deepest, simplest resources of Reger for a kind of choral writing that blends elements of Bach and Brahms in a totality all his own. Some of the chromatic colorations may have come by way of *Parsifal*, but the outcome is not quite like anything else—calm, devout, beautifully composed. The performances are good, the reproduction excellent. For the English-speaking listener, something more in the way of guidance than a paragraph about the "Junge Kantorei" and six texts in German would have been appropriate, not to say expectable. |
| **Tchaikovsky:** Symphony No. 1. Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. DGG stereo, 2530 078, $6.98; open reel, L-3078, $7.95. | Deutsche Grammophon's confidence in the talents of Michael Thomas—or, perhaps, the non-availability (in some critical circumstance) of William Steinberg—has given that young conductor a recording opportunity unparalleled for a newcomer on the scene since, perhaps, Leonard Bernstein. Here he prompts, pushes, and otherwise persuades the Boston Symphony to follow his exuberant lead. Nothing is lacking in the Thomas technical capacity to achieve his objective; there are, understandably, rawness, unfinished edges, a tendency to ride not merely the surface but the surface of the surface rather than to dig into the underlying substance. For those who would trade the virtues for the limitations, this is a *Winter Dreams* to cherish. It is also one to ring in the ears, for the engineering credited to Gunter Hermans seeks, and reaches, super-dimensions of tone, dynamics, and color values. |
| **Tchaikovsky:** "Why"; "Mid the Noisy Stir of the Ball"; "Over the Golden Cornfields"; "Serenade"; "Night"; and "Why" (Op. 28, No. 3). **Britten:** *The Poet's Echo.* Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; with Mstislav Rostropovich, piano. London stereo, OS 26141, $5.98. | Every age has its "Golden Age" attributes, even if it is, itself, far from golden in totality. This one's, certainly, are the talents individually and collectively of the Rostropoviches. Individually, each has a secure place in the lore of the specialities he pursues; together, they occupy a unique place in the realm of song collaboration. In the present instance, it is evident enough in their reproduction of Britten's thoughtful treatment of Pushkin's texts; but it comes to triumphant fulfillment in their total reincarnation of Tchaikovsky's purpose. Presumably Britten wrote his music out of diligent attention to the Russian texts and their meanings; to Tchaikovsky, it was not merely his native tongue but as much an inherited part of him as was his disposition to descending themes when he was morose, ascending ones when he was jocose. There are both kinds here, given inimitable realization in the loving articulation of Vishnevskaya and the fluid, caressing counterstatements of Rostropovich. |
| **Viotti, G. B.:** Concerto No. 22 in A minor. **Haydn, M.:** Concerto in A. Arthur Grumiaux, violin; with the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Edo de Waart. Philips stereo, 839757, $5.98. | To judge from the usual round of concert-giving, Giuseppe Viotti (born the year before Mozart, but granted a much longer life span) is a non-person, whose name rarely appears on a program. However, as Grumiaux demonstrates in this faultless performance of a work over which countless students have labored, Viotti was a figure of more than historic consequence. With Michael Haydn, younger (by five years) than brother Josef, the connections are of a different sort. The reproduction of Grumiaux's sound is a model of suavity, as is the treatment of the orchestra under young (thirty on June 1) de Waart's assured direction. —I.K. |



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POP

# THE JOURNALISTS OF ROCK

by ELLEN SANDER

Rock bred its own journalism because there were few who either wanted to or could handle its implications at the time it became culturally significant. The famous story about how Murray the K, a hot-shot top-forty disc jockey, became the "fifth Beatle" by accompanying them on their first American tour and absconding with all the exclusive interviews because he was low man on the radio station totem pole is more than typical, it's prophetic. While transatlantic columnists tittered over the curious mopheads all the kids mobbed, they had little indication of what was really shaking. The whole phenomenon was treated like a serious disease, St. Vitus' dance being mentioned more than once. While entrenched journalists and commentators threw up their arms in confusion, their juniors held out their hands in welcome. It was inevitable that some of those hands would come to rest on pencils, paintbrushes, and cameras. Eventually, some of those seemingly senselessly bobbing heads would be filled with inspiration, ideas, and ambitions sparked by the music that fired their lives.

Full-scale coverage of rock 'n' roll can be dated to when it became a sensation, but peer group criticism is usually thought of as having begun in 1965, when Richard Goldstein, a Columbia School of Journalism graduate, began a regular rock column in the *Village Voice* and teen-ager Paul Williams, a Boston College student, started *Crawdaddy* with his own money because no publisher could be convinced of a future for a serious rock 'n' roll magazine. *Crawdaddy* became an institution because of what Jon Landau, one of its original contributors (now the review editor of *Rolling Stone*), calls the "*joie de* rock" school of rock writing it created. Richard Goldstein came to be recognized not only as the most astute rock critic of his times and one of the decade's most promising young writers but as one of the most creative, colorful, and scholarly American journalists alive.

Goldstein, a few years later, quit rock writing, declaring rock dead. Together with his controversial roasting of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* a year earlier in *The New York Times*, this cost him a great deal of credibility. Though his articles can be found now and then in magazines, he seems neither as prolific nor as inspired as when he stepped out and created a field of his own in which to exercise his critical faculties. He is sorely, if grudgingly, missed. Fortunately, there is now a book, a collection of his columns titled *Richard Goldstein's Greatest Hits*, and in the same way as music is preserved for posterity in plastic, the early glimmer of rock writing can be found in both that book and a collection of Paul Williams's *Crawdaddy* essays, *Outlaw Blues*.

The books are essentially different in approach. Goldstein makes magic with style and compression; Williams is charmed by the extravagance of the music and interprets it metaphorically in his writing, following its rhythms through careful variations, resolving them in a quirk of his own humor. There are also a couple of priceless interviews with producers. But these books are only the beginning of what has become a school of writing, with its own grades of sophistication. Other avenues of journalism-criticism in the realm of rock have been explored by equally adventurous and talented writers. As is the pattern in the music itself, a lot of poor, if sincere, imitations have crept in.

Barely enough time has passed to get any perspective on rock itself, its meanings within its own world, and its implications in terms of everything else going on around it. Though there are a fistful of books out, it is only the beginning of an evaluation of what, if anything, this peculiar nest of rock writing is or will be. The writers that flash for a while and later go to work in the music industry are many, but there are a solid few who will become tomorrow's publishers, journalists, social commentators, philosophers, filmmakers, novelists, dramatists, and visionaries. It is significant that most of them will admit that if it had not been for the music, they might not even have started writing. Certainly few would have started so young.

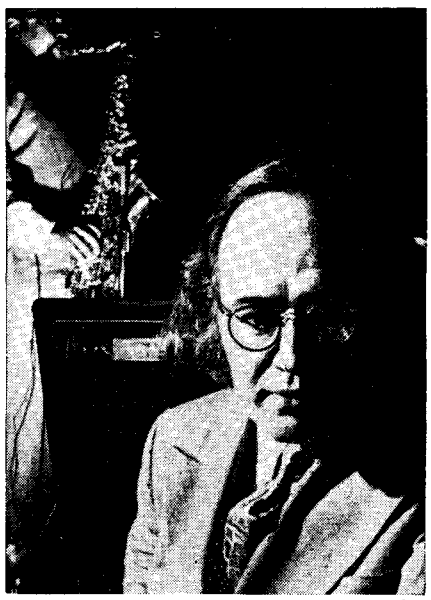
A few books have been published on the history of rock, the best so far being Jerry Hopkins's *The Rock Story*. While it is neither continuous nor complete, it is the most accurate and sensitively researched; the least indulgent in terms of form over function. Much criticism has been leveled at Lillian Roxon's *Rock Encyclopedia*, and yet it is the most comprehensive and complete mass of organized information assembled. It's easy to second-guess so ambitious a project as an encyclopedia of rock, but Miss Roxon's herculean effort, now available in an excitingly practical paperback, tries harder and succeeds more expansively than any even vaguely similar effort.

*The Age of Rock*, Volumes I and II, is a collection of various articles, essays, critiques, and interviews concerning rock, and they are at best sketchy. Though Volume I contains some truly important pieces (Volume II seemingly confines itself to the underground press, and most of its contents might better have been left unearthed), the selections appear to be based on what was available. Two more recent (and consequently more secure) anthologies, Albert Goldman's *Freak Show* and Michael Lydon's *Rock Folk*, reflect a more refined approach to a literary overview of the cultural scene and exemplify what are perhaps the two most clearly prominent perspectives when dealing with rock in writing. Goldman peers through bifocals and sees freaks, Lydon grins stonily at folks.

Goldman's is a book of essays, a collection of more than a decade's observation that alternately reflects his fascination and bewilderment. They have a strangely appropriate schizoid quality, written, admittedly, from a distance. The pieces deal with facets of life from Lenny Bruce to the Doors. They are careful and even warm, but no more. Goldman sees both into and through the rock world; but he is not snowed by it, neither is he smug nor skeptical. He comes off as one of the very few (Ralph J. Gleason and Al Aronowitz being about the extent of the others) older and established journalists who can get any authentic handle on the scene and still maintain their literary cool.

My personal favorites of all of the

(*Continued on page* 49)



—Neal J. Grossman, © Time, Inc.

**Albert Goldman—"sees both into and through the rock world."**



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# Jazz LPs

| Data | Report |
|---|---|
| **Billy Butler:** *Night Life.* Butler, guitar; Jesse Powell, Houston Person, tenor saxophones; Johnny "Hammond" Smith, organ and electric piano; Bob Bushnell, electric bass; Jimmy Johnson, drums. Prestige stereo, 7854, $4.98 | Butler's fourth album for Prestige has the variety of mood, tempo, and material to be expected of the gifted guitarist. It is also notable for bringing Powell back to the studio after a long absence. Those who remember Butler with Bill Doggett will also remember his composition "Peacock Alley." The group digs in enthusiastically on this, as it does on "In a Mellotone." In between is a pretty interpretation of "Prelude to a Kiss" marred by the stodgy sound of the electric bass. |
| **Roy Eldridge:** *The Nifty Cat.* Eldridge, trumpet and vocal; Benny Morton, trombone; Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Nat Pierce, piano; Tommy Bryant, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Master Jazz stereo, MJR-8110, $5.50. (Postpaid: Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.) | One of the most important trumpet players in the history of jazz, Eldridge has been sadly neglected in recent years, but this outstanding set makes handsome amends. There isn't a gimmick on it, nor even a ballad, and the constant intent—superbly realized—is swinging jazz. The leader, of course, is no longer so prodigal of his strength as he once was, but he still produces a magnificent trumpet tone, and his more economical phrasing results in great drive. Like the late Charlie Shavers and Lips Page, both trumpet players, he sings the blues well, and his long vocal on "Wineola" is full of humor. The musicians were all of his choosing, and they back him very well indeed. Always a good pianist, Pierce has never been so well recorded before, and his contributions as soloist and accompanist are exemplary. Morton, a veteran of the Henderson, Webb, Redman, and Basie bands, makes the most of generous solo opportunities, while Johnson, on both instruments, displays formidable skill and invention as usual. There are no bass or drum solos, but Bryant and Jackson comprise a valuable and intelligent part of the ensemble throughout. An album not to be missed. |
| **Coleman Hawkins:** *Hawk Eyes!* Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Ray Bryant, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Prestige stereo, 7857, $4.98. | This was recognized as an essential record when first issued in 1959. Twelve years later, it sounds even better in stereo and with the addition of a version of "I Never Knew" nearly six minutes long. It is fortunate that Prestige recognizes the significance of its Hawkins albums, for since his death they have helped keep the great tenor saxophonist's name alive. The strong rhythm section meets the challenge of Shavers's explosive and unpredictable solos confidently, and underlines the leader's moods—tough or tender—appreciatively. Grimes and Bryant, in their solo flights, are by no means outclassed by the two principals, and for good measure there are superior liner notes by Dan Morgenstern. |
| **Johnny Otis:** *Live at Monterey.* Otis, piano, vibraphone, and vocal; Cleanhed Vinson, Joe Turner, Roy Milton, Little Esther Phillips, vocal; Shuggie Otis, guitar and bass; with band accompaniment. Epic stereo, EG-30473, $5.98 (two discs). | This is the blues show Otis put together for the Monterey Jazz Festival last year. The best performances are by Vinson, Turner, and Milton, the first singing with the utmost authority, but there is rather too much of Little Esther Phillips, who sounds like a poor man's Dinah Washington. Otis's part in the production accounts for the unusually appropriate accompaniments, and the bass players do particularly well. The audience was clearly determined to enjoy everything, good, bad, and indifferent. |
| **Lucky Thompson:** *A Lucky Songbook in Europe.* Thompson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Ingfried Hoffman, organ; Sadi, vibraphone, bongos, and congas; Rene Thomas, guitar; Eberhard Weber, bass; Stu Martin, drums. M.P.S. stereo, 15231, $6. (Postpaid: Saba, 724 Seventh Street, Allentown, Pa. 18102). | Thompson has expatriated himself again, Switzerland's gain being this country's loss. Sensitive, sophisticated, and quite unwilling to compromise, he has evidently found the work situation here impossible. Yet, as he demonstrates on the opening track, his technical and imaginative resources are more than comparable to those of, say, Stan Getz. He also plays soprano saxophone with a mastery as impressive as that which he has long had on the tenor. Thompson is just not lucky, but he is surprisingly well backed here by two Belgians, two Germans, and an American. Recording and packaging are up to M.P.S. standards, the highest. |
| **Various Artists:** *The Big Band Era.* Big bands led by Charlie Barnet, Count Basie, Bunny Berigan, Larry Clinton, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Ziggy Elman, Benny Goodman, Erskine Hawkins, Earl Hines, Glenn Miller, Benny Moten, and Artie Shaw, and septet by Lionel Hampton. RCA Victor mono, VPM-6043, $6.98 (two discs). | The twenty performances in this collection were made between 1928 and 1956, when Victor's recording quality was generally better, or at least more consistent, than that of its competitors. The company also covered the big-band scene conscientiously during that time, and very few groups of consequence are not represented in its catalogue. Some of those heard here do not swing, although the emphasis is obviously on jazz. The album title is therefore accurate, and for the nostalgically minded, this is a good cross section of the period's music. The big hits, in *original* versions, include "Begin the Beguine," "Song of India," "Frenesi," "Take the 'A' Train," "Opus One," and those two durable piano showcases, Earl Hines's "Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues" and Avery Parrish's "After Hours" (with Erskine Hawkins). Other compilations in the same economically priced series are devoted to Tommy Dorsey (VPM-6038), Artie Shaw (VPM-6039), Benny Goodman (VPM-6040), and Duke Ellington (VPM-6042). There is also apparently considerable interest nowadays in dance as well as jazz bands of the Thirties, and Monmouth-Evergreen caters to this with two British imports: Jack Hylton's band on MES-7033 and Bert Ambrose's on MES-7032. Although the latter had not hit its stride in 1930-32, when the material in this set was recorded, it was already the more tasteful of the two. The vocals are dreadful on both, and the orchestral devices dated, but isn't the popular music of 1971 likely to sound even more comical forty years from now? |
| **Joe Williams** and **George Shearing:** *The Heart and Soul.* Williams, vocal; Shearing, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; Stix Hooper, drums. Sheba stereo, ST-102, $5.50. (Postpaid: Sheba Records, P.O. Box 2120, North Hollywood, Calif. 91602.) | The "revolt" of the consumer against the record industry's policies has already been expressed on such labels as Master Jazz and Blue Angel. Now we arrive at the revolt of the artists, as exemplified by George Shearing's forming his own record company, Sheba. (Stan Kenton already has his at P.O. Box 35216, Los Angeles, Calif. 90035.) What this means, and how it will benefit the consumer, is immediately shown by the interesting selection of songs. How long is it since you heard vocal versions of "My Heart Stood Still," "Blues in My Heart," and "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart"? Moreover, there is ample evidence here of how attractively Shearing can play when freed from commercial constrictions. —STANLEY DANCE. |



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rock books are Nik Cohn's *Rock from the Beginning*, for its outrageous punditry and energetic language, and Michael Lydon's *Rock Folk*. Lydon, a former *Newsweek* reporter who dropped out to create some of the most thoughtful and dramatic free-lance articles on rock, was inspired to do so when *Newsweek* sent him to report the accomplishments of Paul Williams and *Crawdaddy*. *Rock Folk* is an anthology of pieces that have appeared in *Ramparts*, *Rolling Stone*, and *The New York Times*. It is the highest mark of legitimacy that Lydon's style and attitude were never influenced by the publication or audience for which his pieces were originally intended.

More than anything, *Rock Folk* reminds me of an album with seven major songs on it, each dedicated to a performer or group.

He gives impressive coverage to black musicians and music—Chuck Berry, B. B. King, and Smokey Robinson, to whom he is as sympathetic as he is to Janis Joplin and the Grateful Dead. His writing is piquant and full of incidental delight. He has Carl Perkins as an amiable has-been "reading *The Power of Positive Thinking* . . . like Mr. Peepers reading Charles Atlas." Lydon always uses his subject as an opportunity to illuminate the scene in general, and his insights are always right-on. "The new stars," he says in the Chuck Berry piece, "were different; they were regular middle-class city kids who could have become lawyers, doctors, or grown-ups . . . but they didn't, and with a blitheness that was shocking, they said they didn't want to and the kids who followed them wanted to rock their lives away."

Michael Lydon is one of many of those kids; and his book one of rock's most precious side effects. Looking back on the havoc that pop created—both the beauty and tragedy of it—the life-style and creative self-expression it inspired (pop writing prominent among it) are going to remain, regardless of what happens to the music, wholly exciting and worthwhile.

*Age of Rock, Vols. I and II*, edited by Jonathan Eisen; Vintage, $2.95 each
*Folk Rock* by Michael Lydon; Dial, $6.95
*Freakshow* by Albert Goldman; Atheneum, $8.95 (also in paperback)
*Goldstein's Greatest Hits: A Book Mostly About Rock 'n' Roll* by Richard Goldstein; Prentice-Hall, $7.95
*Outlaw Blues* by Paul Williams; E. P. Dutton, $4.95 ($1.75, paperback)
*Rock Encyclopedia* by Lillian Roxon; Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95 (paperback)
*Rock from the Beginning* by Nik Cohn; Pocket Books, $.95
*The Rock Story* by Jerry Hopkins; New American Library, $.95 (paperback)

AUDIO

# THE ABCs OF THE SPEC SHEET

by IVAN BERGER

"I was wondering," writes a California reader, "which is better for the money: MacIntosh at the highest price, as it is the best, or the lesser-priced Marantz?" I cannot answer her. And, oddly enough, she's at least as close to her answer as I am.

I got into this business because, like her, I wanted a hi-fi system and had only a vague idea of how to buy one. So I made it my goal to find The Answer and set it down in a book. There is no book, because there is no Answer—just a series of partial, individual answers we all have to find for ourselves.

But there are ways to find them, most nearly as accessible to you as to me. Of these, the most accessible—and the obvious starting point for any hi-fi hunt—are specification sheets. They're almost always honest, and the more expensive the equipment, the more honest its published specs are likely to be. They're easy to get—just write the manufacturers. And with a little interpretation, they'll let you cut your shopping list from twelve receivers down to three or four, simply by shuffling papers in your easy chair.

Interpreting those specifications is still an art, though less so now than when I set out to buy my first hi-fi, fourteen years ago. Most specs are stated in comparable terms (and the Federal Trade Commission is about to standardize all amplifier power ratings, source of the most flagrant variations), but not all manufacturers give all their fine details. The great difficulty is in learning just which specifications are most relevant to *your* needs: Will 1/10 microvolt more sensitivity mean more to you than 1 db less selectivity? Or vice versa?

Probably, these subtle differences, though they cause the most fervent soul-searching, will be inaudible in practice. The greater differences—a trade-off of 2.0 microvolts against, say, 6 db—may mean something in some cases (i.e., fringe-area FM reception) but not in others. Guides to which specs mean what to you are few and far between: occasional articles here, in the various hi-fi magazines, and in *Consumer Reports*. Though the odds are against the answer's appearing the month you need it, most libraries do keep back issues on file.

The same magazines also run test reports. If you're lucky, they'll have tested the components that most interest you. But there is an element of luck involved: Perhaps 500 or more new hi-fi products appear each year, and the major magazines run perhaps 150 test reports between them; with the overlaps caused by multiple reports on the most important products, fewer than 150 products are reviewed.

These reports are a good guide, if you can find them. They tell you how well the units live up to their published specs and—more important—what those specs mean in practice. And they tell you something of what the tested products are like to use and live with.

I know no magazine that deliberately shades a weak review into a good one—but bad reviews are rarely published. And with so many products competing for so few reviews, the absence of a test report cannot be taken as evidence that the product didn't measure up—it might have been too unimportant, or have appeared just after the magazine tested another of its maker's products.

Nor can reports on brand-new products, fresh out of the box, tell anything about long-term reliability. For this information, we turn to scuttlebutt—the gossip of our friends who've lived a long time with the products we're interested in, or know someone who has. Or know someone who knows somebody who. . . .

Obviously, this has its limitations. You're drawing information from too small a sample: Of the two Model X owners you know, one may have had marvelous luck while the other got a lemon—but which of the two is the exception to the rule? And since your friends aren't experts either, the component your brother-in-law curses may be operating properly but not be the right component for his particular requirement. Scuttlebutt is best as a guide to a manufacturer's overall reputation.

Here I have somewhat of an advantage over my readers: Some of my scuttlebutt comes from colleagues who are better informed than your neighbors or mine, and who have personally sampled a great deal more equipment. But still not all equipment—when I called up a colleague yesterday for the name of a good four-channel, eight-track player, he replied, "How should I know?" And, until he gets to use a few of them, how should he?

In the end, it boils down to personal experience—yours, your neighbor's, or a test reviewer's. Cultivate your local dealer (readers in localities without a

(*Continued on page 54*)



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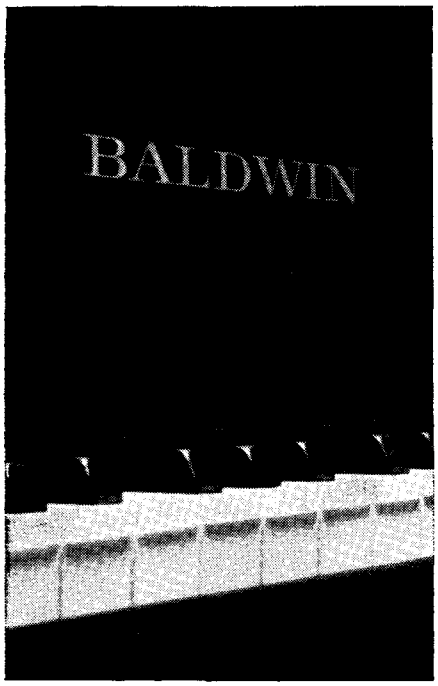
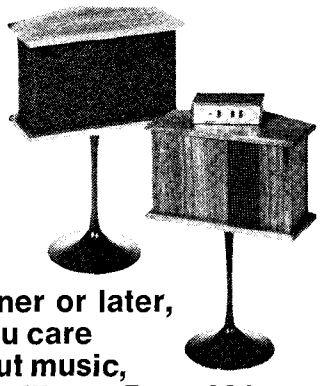



Andre Watts' Accompanist



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FILM

# BERGMAN IN ENGLISH

by ROLAND GELATT

In his new film, *The Touch*, Ingmar Bergman makes some major departures from what has come to be regarded as his norm. It is the director's first picture in English—or, to be quite precise, his first picture predominantly in English, since a few scenes are played in Swedish with subtitles. It is also his first picture to feature a non-Scandinavian actor in a leading role. And it is his first picture that develops a fairly conventional theme in a fairly conventional style. The last distinction is perhaps the most crucial. Up to now, the name Ingmar Bergman has conjured up mental images of "the bizarre, the outlandish, the extreme, the abnormal" (to quote from Robin Wood's useful monograph on the director). But none of these adjectives applies to *The Touch*. It is as unsensational as it is unproblematic.

The participants are those of the classic triangle: a man and wife (Max von Sydow and Bibi Andersson) replete with fifteen years of comfortable domesticity, and a younger outsider (Elliott Gould) who comes along to puncture their shell of placid matrimony. The couple live with their two children in one of those expensively austere Swedish homes, full of oiled wood, white plastic, and sleek labor-saving devices. As a gesture of hospitality, they invite the young man—a visiting American archeologist—to dinner, and in no time at all he embarks on an affair with the wife. For one who has ostensibly never done it before, she manages very well, coping with her wifely and motherly duties at home while enjoying the pleasures of extramarital sex in the archeologist's pad. The husband likewise keeps his cool and tactfully refrains from a showdown with his errant spouse. But unfortunately, the American lacks their sangfroid. He becomes moody, jealous, importunate, violent; and eventually the liaison sputters out, leaving the wife sadder and wiser in her accustomed habitat.

It's an ordinary story made extraordinary by Bergman's subtle illuminations. Is there any other moviemaker working today who can express so much with such economy of means, or who can orchestrate fleeting gestures, wisps of dialogue, and fugitive vistas into so harmonious and enriching an entity? Alas, the director's first foray into international casting cannot be accounted an unqualified success. Elliott Gould seems painfully ill at ease under the Bergman lens. Admittedly, the part calls for a certain neurotic awkwardness, but not to the point where oafish behavior becomes indistinguishable from maladroit acting. By comparison, the redoubtable Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow—working in a language not their own—belong in another category altogether.

High among the delights of Bergman's film is the brilliant photography of his longtime cameraman, Sven Nykvist. And it is Nykvist who wins top honors in another, non-Bergman production, entitled *The Last Run*. The action opens in a fishing village on Portugal's south coast, where an ex-mobster from America (George C. Scott) is about to emerge from retirement for a taste of the old action. His comeback assignment is to spring a young hood from a Spanish prison bus and deposit him and his girlfriend safely across the border in France. Well, things take a nasty turn when they reach their destination, and there's nothing for it but to drive all the way back to the Algarve with the bad guys in hot pursuit. From Albufeira to Perpignan and back is roughly 1,500 miles, and the scenery en route is consistently beautiful. That's where Sven Nykvist comes in. His camera helps to rescue a run-of-the-mill chase picture by saturating the screen with luscious shots of the Iberian landscape.

The descent leading from Aldous Huxley's book *The Devils of Loudun* to Ken Russell's film *The Devils* could not be more precipitous. Both deal with a historic incident in seventeenth-century France—the trial and execution of a worldly Jesuit priest, Urbain Grandier, on the wholly unwarranted charge that he was in league with Satan for the purpose of debauching a convent of Ursuline nuns. But whereas Huxley drew upon this material for an elegant exercise in historical interpretation, Russell uses it for a sickening display of depravity and cruelty. The book is notable for scathing irony and moral fervor, the movie for frenzied hyperbole and tawdry exhibitionism.

Ken Russell's penchant for the further reaches of hysteria and sensationalism had already served to disfigure *The Music Lovers*, a film based (ineptly) on the life of Tchaikovsky. But the excesses of that misbegotten effort are as nothing next to the morbid miasma, the wanton violence, the shameful carnality that blemish *The Devils* from beginning to end. Its X rating is thoroughly deserved.



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## Kennedy

*Continued from page 39*

3,500, that the Hamburg Opera has created its kind of world standard in a less-than-2,000-seat house, and that the New York City Opera and the Washington Opera Society can do likewise. The Eisenhower Theater, to be opened in October with Claire Bloom as Nora in Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, is beautifully equipped as well as suitably sized (1,142 seats) to serve its multi purposes. A plan for the participation of the American Film Institute on some equitable basis as the center's cinematic adjunct is discussed by Arthur Knight on page 40.

Stone's conception considers the Kennedy Center as something more than merely a place for the devotees of the performing arts to gather after dark. It recognizes, as did Kennedy himself, the part that the audience plays in the successful marriage of active and passive, producers and consumers, by providing wide areas for access and circulation. The three halls are separated by two galleries running from the land side to the river side. One, between the concert hall and the opera theater, blends a world of bunting and color into the overall concept of a Hall of Nations. The other, separating the opera site from the Eisenhower Theater, bears the flags and plaques of the fifty states. Binding the three halls together is the grand foyer on the river side, which runs the building's total length of 600 feet from end to end. The varied restaurant facilities will be open during the day as well as before and after performances to provide Washingtonians with new, attractive gathering places for eating, drinking, and indispensable conversation (whose topics will, no doubt, include the surroundings).

If there remains, among them, some disposition to look this gift horse not only in the mouth but in the throat, this is perhaps the norm for the Capital Course. Like that other Washington Monument poking its spire high into the clogged air above it, the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts is there to stay and, this observer ventures to predict, to be cherished.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 26: strait, artist, traits.


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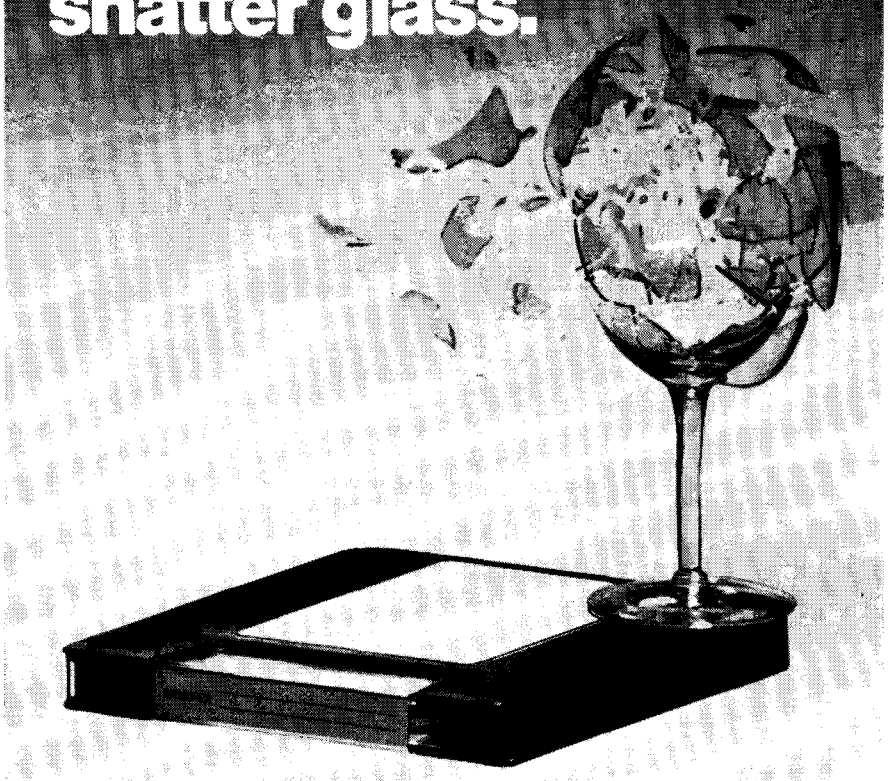

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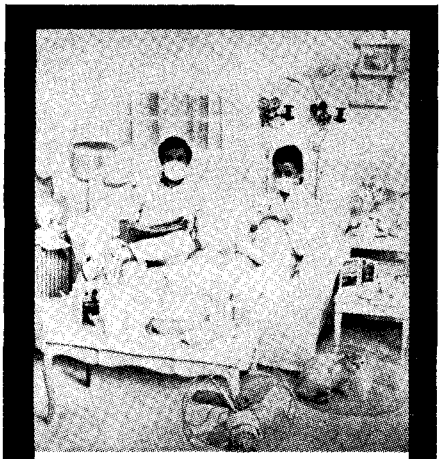


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THE OTHER SIDE

# Recording The Beethoven Sketchbooks

by THOMAS HEINITZ

LONDON.

As is fairly usual at this time of year, a number of important recording projects are afoot at locations in or near London. At Kingsway Hall, due to be demolished erelong, Joan Sutherland is remaking the opera that was her first starring vehicle for Decca, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and will follow this shortly with a fresh set of *Rigoletto*—part of a plan, one suspects, to supersede all her pre-Bonynge recordings. EMI is about to do Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda* with Beverly Sills in the lead, while Philips, toward the end of this month, goes back to Brent Town Hall (scene of their recent *Nozze di Figaro* sessions under Colin Davis) for Verdi's early opera *I Lombardi*, to be conducted by Lamberto Gardelli, and with Christina Deutekom, Placido Domingo, and Ruggero Raimondi in the main roles.

Meanwhile, however, there is a very different sort of recording project upon which I want to report—one whose sessions took place in a small and comparatively obscure recording studio in London's West End during early June, one involving not cohorts of performers and recording staff but just three men: a producer, a recording engineer, and one who sat at a piano in the studio, alternately talking and playing. I was there only as an onlooker, but if I felt a sense of personal involvement with the proceedings never before experienced (except, possibly, when Philips was recording *Les Troyens*), it was because a project I had long cherished and urged upon a number of recording companies at various times was about to become reality as a direct result of a reference of mine in a piece about Beethoven records that appeared in the *Observer* color magazine at the time of the bicentenary last December. In the article I drew attention to the unique and fascinating source material provided by Beethoven's Sketchbooks and expressed the view that these could form the basis for a disc or series of discs that ought to prove of far greater interest to the more perceptive music-lovers than recordings of Beethoven's potboilers to which such attention was paid during 1970.

One of Europe's major companies had shown an interest in the project early last year, but the idea was shelved after an executive had insisted that it would be necessary to orchestrate the sketches (which seemed to me like suggesting that it was pointless to publish an artist's sketches for a famous painting unless someone first colored them in!) and, with the centenary year all but over, there seemed little hope that my plea would be heeded. But a small company concerned with educational recordings, Discourses Ltd., liked the idea and, after I had put them in touch with Denis Matthews (whose illustrated talks on the Sketchbooks, both live and on the radio, had first kindled my own interest in this topic many years ago), took it up with ever increasing enthusiasm.

Present plans are for a series totaling no fewer than eight LP discs, of which the first three—recorded last month—are to be issued sometime this autumn. This first installment will comprise a "General Introduction to the Sketchbooks," one disc dealing with the sketches for the concertos and one with those for the *Eroica* Symphony. Of the remaining five discs, three more will be devoted to the symphonies, one to the sonatas, and the final one to the quartets. In each case, the sleeve notes will carry most of the background information, reducing the spoken part of the proceedings to the minimum needed to ensure continuity and comprehensibility; EMI is providing recordings from their catalogue for illustrations of each work's final version. Although my role in its gestation has only been that of an "honorary midwife," it goes without saying that I believe in this project and wish it well. Denis Matthews is not only a distinguished pianist and teacher (the latter aspect is about to take precedence in his career: From September he will be in charge of the music department at Newcastle University) but also a lecturer of rare communicative gifts, and I find it difficult to believe that his compelling exposition of Beethoven's creative process as revealed by the Sketchbooks can fail to fascinate countless music-lovers the world over.

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# Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

### Stravinsky's Spectacles And Their Derivation

IN RESPONSE to those who commented on the cover photo of Igor Stravinsky with the two pairs of spectacles one above the other [May 29], may it be mentioned that this was neither odd nor unusual but thoroughly characteristic of him? Indeed, it was an inferential tribute to one of his life's greatest influences. In one of his autobiographical reminiscences with Robert Craft, Stravinsky mentions that it was a habit of his mentor (and great composer) Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov that he had picked up and made his own.

R. J. ROBERTS,
Boston, Mass.

### American Orchestras and Conductors

IN HIS "Today and Yesterday in Musical Melbourne" [MUSIC TO MY EARS, July 10], Irving Kolodin appraises the musical scene in Australia. The fact that their singers have had to go elsewhere to make good can only remind us that so have ours.

In addition, the Australians "... have not shown much disposition to trust the future of their orchestras to native conductors." The same anti-nationalism exists in the United States, where Europeans usually are the first considered for conducting posts, if Americans are indeed considered at all. One deterrent to American conductors as well as singers is the lack of opera houses to grow in. Our emphasis is on instrumentalists, as if that were a national ability of ours while others were better made to be conductors. We underestimate ourselves.

No one will deny that some Americans have succeeded at home as conductors, some less talented than they should be. But it is obvious that they are habitually less sought after than their foreign competition.

This is not a call for nationalism, rather a request for equal judgment. Our own talent should have a chance as well.

DAVID FETTER,
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Atlanta (Robert Shaw), Cincinnati (Thomas Schippers), Dallas (Anshel Brusilow), Houston (Lawrence Foster) and Portland (Milton Katims) comprise a not inconsequential roster of American-born conductors of major orchestras. And Leonard Bernstein, of course, is still the New York Philharmonic's laureate.*

### Handel Plus Who?

IRVING KOLODIN'S article "Heifetz on TV: Music's Most Distant Star" [*SR*, Apr. 24] was excellent and made the taped show yet more valuable. I hope that somewhere in his notes on the tape he can find the Passacaglia for two violins that was played in part. I could not hear the announcer for sure, but I believe he named Handel as the composer.

The *String Music in Print* I borrowed to look this up in did not help. Music stores in Erie and Cleveland aren't having much luck, although they say they are looking—not in the Carl Fischer catalogue either (I believe most Heifetz transcriptions are published by Carl Fischer).

HOWARD P. LYON,
Erie, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The piece, though not officially so named, was undoubtedly an arrangement of Handel by Johan Halvorsen, who made such a transcription for violin and viola.*

### Which García Lorca?

IN REFERENCE to Irving Kolodin's "The Spain of Los Angeles" [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, May 29], I'd like to say that he misprinted the name of one of Spain's greatest poets. Under his picture he wrote *Francisco* García Lorca. It should be *Federico* García Lorca.

MRS. DEANNA HAMMOND,
Pullman, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Francisco García Lorca, brother of Federico, was responsible for the photo. His name appeared in the usual place for a picture credit.*

### Taylor's Talents

ELLEN SANDER ["The Big, the Fat, and the Lonely," *SR*, June 26] has failed miserably to build a convincing argument when she attributes the "pleasant enough-ness" (translated it reads "mediocrity") of James Taylor's *Mud Slide Slim and the Blue Horizon* to the "introverted ... neurotic [debatable point] ... self-involvement" of Taylor's songs.

Does Miss Sander propose to dictate the subject matter of "good rock"? Because some songwriters write almost exclusively about themselves and their experiences, are their compositions automatically to be ruled invalid, meaningless, or not better than merely "pleasant"?

I do not argue Miss Sander's right to be critical of Taylor's music. But I do resent the poor, nit-picking excuse she uses as the basis for her criticism.

CLARA BOZA,
Key West, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One critic's reason is another critic's excuse.*

### Canada in the U.S.

WAS IT WISHFUL thinking or ignorance, or were you trying to start a fight when you included Canada in Music Festivals USA —Summer 1971 [*SR*, June 26]?

MRS. SAM PIKEN,
Orchard Lake, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A geographical mismatch, induced by proximity.*


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## Spec Sheet

*Continued from page 49*

dealer will be out of luck) and try to become very familiar with the component you have almost chosen, comparing all its audible performance factors against those of other components in the showroom. Think first about what factors to listen for—dealers lose patience with random experimenters.

As a member of the press, I have the big advantage of trying out equipment in my home. Given the time and inclination to go through the red tape and the shipping, I can play with almost any piece of equipment that I choose to. Yet of the 1,500 products listed in the *1971 Stereo Hi-Fi Directory*, I can speak familiarly of but 106—and perhaps twenty of those are already off the market!

In answer to my California reader, I have not tried a MacIntosh or a Marantz because I'd hate to get addicted to their top-of-the-line equipment (too rich for my blood). She knows far more than I what features and aspects of performance will mean most to her. To find out which of the two components suits her better, she'll have to play a little at her dealer's, listen for the scuttlebutt, look out for test reports, and try to learn how to interpret those spec sheets.

Maybe I should have written that book after all.

## Tick

**by Lewis Turco**

I am a cat with a tick
buried in my head. If I could speak,
I would tell you I can feel
the insect head nestling within my
brain, not just against the white
bone. I can sense its mechanical
currents buzzing in the blood,
showing the mandibles how to clench,
the belly how to bloat, how
to make two lives one. It is not a
matter of will for either:
*It* feels my claws sliding in their
sheaths;
I feel it growing stronger
on my substance.
My master?
As he looks at us, I see our two
minds sink into his eyes. We three
meet at the center of his thoughts. My
claws unsheath there. The insect
bloats in dark vessels. Here is where
we
shall live together—a nest
of boxes, three separate designs,
three steps in Becoming, a
skull within a skull within a skull.


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*(Continued on page 56)*



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(Continued from page 55)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1947

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Reserved, unfriendly, (comp.) | 13 33 42 55 65 71 147 187 190 208 19 |
| B. Scottish philosopher (1694-1746; "System of Moral Philosophy") | 41 79 86 117 128 150 172 201 204 |
| C. Disheveled | 1 17 63 68 102 115 122 |
| D. Has a strong or excessive craving | 126 159 178 188 21 |
| E. Scale model assembled for study, testing, etc. (comp.) | 32 50 62 118 125 141 |
| F. MacKinlay Kantor novel | 144 168 185 193 202 74 89 91 46 61 133 154 181 |
| G. Egyptian goddess of hunting and war | 184 207 37 56 67 |
| H. Quantum of sound or vibratory elastic energy | 158 169 20 58 93 95 |
| I. Stephen Foster song (3 wds.) | 103 145 155 199 31 164 174 194 12 77 |
| J. Oldest public building in Washington, D.C. (3 wds.) | 92 98 105 108 130 142 148 166 175 146 161 195 5 |
| K. Science of soil management and crop production | 16 88 165 152 191 157 138 10 |
| L. What it takes (2 wds.) | 75 106 109 121 127 171 23 29 |
| M. German leading actor ("Jules et Jim," "Ship of Fools"; full name) | 136 80 182 57 72 97 119 153 2 25 35 |
| N. Rare variety of beryl | 40 15 27 48 99 206 96 |
| O. "That monster, custom, who all——." (3 wds., "Hamlet") | 101 167 8 84 34 114 87 111 180 45 124 135 |
| P. Small plant, *Subularia aquatica*, having slender, sharp-pointed leaves | 140 53 39 151 170 26 177 |
| Q. French physician, winner of 1913 Nobel Prize for medicine | 76 81 139 189 7 66 |
| R. Suitable for use as a dusting powder | 83 60 73 123 131 49 160 116 205 |
| S. Roast, give what-for (2 wds.) | 3 51 47 11 186 22 100 |
| T. Weight, bulk | 197 52 24 143 183 9 54 85 134 |
| U. American playwright ("The Sandbox," "The American Dream;" first 2 names) | 107 59 18 198 30 28 200 104 176 82 192 4 132 110 |
| V. Last name, WORD U | 14 70 38 64 129 |
| W. Alcidine sea-bird having a short neck and a large, curved bill | 162 203 69 44 90 113 |
| X. April 22, 1970 (2 wds.) | 173 94 137 179 149 120 112 43 |
| Y. Small, long-eared lagomorph | 36 163 6 78 196 156 |

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | 1 C | 2 M | 3 S | 4 U | 5 J | | 6 Y | 7 Q | 8 O | 9 T | 10 K | | | | | | | | |
| 11 S | 12 I | 13 A | | 14 V | | 15 N | 16 K | 17 C | | 18 U | 19 A | 20 H | | 21 D | 22 S | 23 L | 24 T | | | | | | | |
| 25 M | 26 P | 27 N | 28 U | | 29 L | 30 U | 31 I | 32 E | | 33 A | 34 O | 35 M | 36 Y | 37 G | 38 V | 39 P | 40 N | | | | | | | |
| | 41 B | 42 A | 43 X | | 44 W | 45 O | 46 F | 47 S | 48 N | | 49 R | 50 E | | 51 S | 52 T | | 53 P | | | | | | | |
| 54 T | 55 A | 56 G | | 57 M | 58 H | 59 U | | 60 R | 61 F | 62 E | 63 C | 64 V | 65 A | | 66 Q | 67 G | 68 C | | | | | | | |
| | 69 W | 70 V | 71 A | 72 M | 73 R | 74 F | 75 L | 76 Q | 77 I | | 78 Y | 79 B | 80 M | 81 Q | 82 U | 83 R | 84 O | | | | | | | |
| 85 T | | 86 B | 87 O | | 88 K | 89 F | | 90 W | 91 F | 92 J | 93 H | | 94 X | 95 H | 96 N | | 97 M | | | | | | | |
| 98 J | 99 N | 100 S | 101 O | | 102 C | 103 I | 104 U | 105 J | | 106 L | 107 U | | 108 J | 109 L | 110 U | 111 O | | | | | | | | |
| 112 X | 113 W | 114 O | | 115 C | 116 R | 117 B | 118 E | 119 M | 120 X | | 121 L | 122 C | | 123 R | 124 O | 125 E | 126 D | | | | | | | |
| | 127 L | 128 B | 129 V | | 130 J | 131 R | 132 U | 133 F | 134 T | 135 O | 136 M | 137 X | 138 K | | 139 Q | 140 P | 141 E | | | | | | | |
| 142 J | 143 T | 144 F | 145 I | | 146 J | 147 A | | 148 J | 149 X | 150 B | | 151 P | 152 K | 153 M | 154 F | 155 I | | | | | | | | |
| 156 Y | 157 K | | 158 H | 159 D | 160 R | | 161 J | 162 W | | 163 Y | | 164 I | 165 K | 166 J | 167 O | 168 F | 169 H | | | | | | | |
| 170 P | 171 L | 172 B | 173 X | | 174 I | 175 J | 176 U | 177 P | 178 D | | 179 X | 180 O | 181 F | | 182 M | 183 T | 184 G | | | | | | | |
| 185 F | | 186 S | 187 A | | 188 D | 189 Q | 190 A | 191 K | 192 U | 193 F | 194 I | 195 J | | 196 Y | | 197 T | 198 U | | | | | | | |
| 199 I | | 200 U | 201 B | 202 F | | 203 W | 204 B | 205 R | 206 N | 207 G | 208 A | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.*

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.



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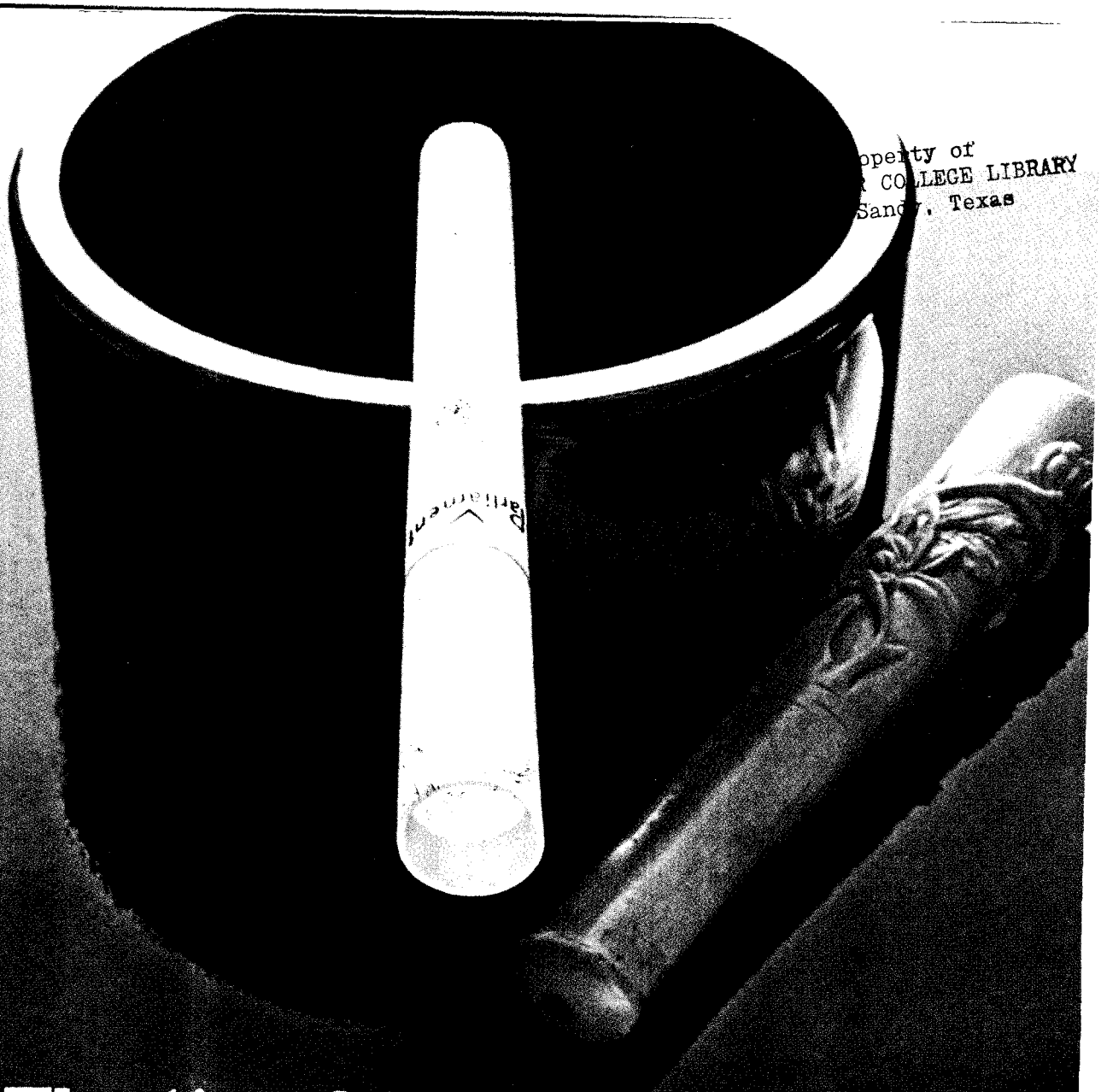

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